



PATRICK WACHSBERGER
CO-Chairman & CEO Summit International

October 19, 2011

Re: NOW YOU SEE ME

Dear Friends,

We are very proud to introduce you to our latest production: NOW YOU SEE ME, produced by Alex Kurtzman and Roberto Orci (TRANSFORMER I and II and STAR TREK) and directed by Louis Leterrier (TRANSPORTER I and II and CLASH OF THE TITANS). We hope you love the screenplay as much as we do. We are, as we speak, making a few adjustments to the screenplay to tailor it to our great cast and our exciting locations. We are sharing with you a letter from the Producers addressing those changes.

Looking forward to discussing it with you in the days to come.

Warmest Regards,



Patrick Wachsberger, David Garrett and Ralpho Borgos



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October 19, 2011

Dear All,

Enclosed is the latest draft of NOW YOU SEE ME by Boaz Yakin, Ed Ricourt, and Josh Applebaum and André Nemec (MISSION IMPOSSIBLE IV).

As I'm sure you know by now, we have assembled a brilliant cast for this movie -- Jesse Eisenberg, Mark Ruffalo, Woody Harrelson, Michael Caine, Isla Fisher, Morgan Freeman, Dave Franco and Mélanie Laurent.

What has always worked incredibly well for us, both as producers and writers, is to wait until the entire film is cast before working on our final pass of the script. The contributions from the actors -- coupled with our ability to tailor the dialogue to each actor's individual voice, cadence, sense of humor and tempo -- really bring the screenplay (and ultimately the movie) to a much higher level.

With production set to begin on January 16th of 2012, we are currently in that writing process. We are happy to say that Ed Solomon (MEN IN BLACK) is joining us for this pass. Ed is a wonderful writer and frequent collaborator of ours.

Let us tell you a few things we're working on:

- We will be setting the "2nd Heist" of the film in New Orleans, rather than in Atlantic City. While Atlantic City is a terrific location, we realized that its imagery would ultimately be too similar to Las Vegas with its strip of Casinos. New Orleans gives us a whole new set of opportunities. Imagine, if you will, the flavors and textures of this great American city with its own unique culture of magic and voodoo infusing the Horsemen's performance. Furthermore, imagine our FBI agent, Dylan (Mark Ruffalo) chasing Thaddeus (Morgan Freeman) not down the dilapidated boardwalk of Atlantic City, but rather against the tide of Mardi Gras. It's going to make for an amazing sequence -- visually, musically, and emotionally.
- To that end, we've also re-imagined the final sequence in New York. Yes, Times Square is a famous location, but quite frankly it's an overused



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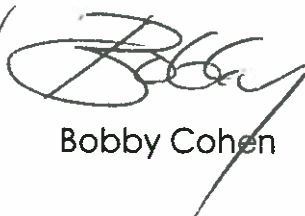
one. Moreover, the Horsemen of our script want to bring magic back to the masses. Inspired in part by U2's famous video for "Where the Streets Have No Name" and by the current and vibrant emergence of "flash mobs" and social networking, we now foresee the final sequence taking place on top of a warehouse on the shores of Brooklyn, with all of Manhattan in the background. Again, it's a much fresher and cooler way of bringing New York into the movie, without falling back on something familiar.

It will make for great spectacle and gives our director, Louis Leterrier, wonderful opportunities with the camera, swooping in and around the building, as thousands of people, armed with their smart phones and cameras, start virally getting the word out. Within minutes, The Horsemen's final trick will be one of the greatest events New York has ever seen.

- Finally, as we alluded to before, every character will be getting the appropriate tailoring, as we look for every opportunity to give the film the moments the audience wants to see -- from sharp banter between Thaddeus (Morgan Freeman) and Tressler (Michael Caine), to a deeper romantic story between Alma (Mélanie Laurent) and Dylan (Mark Ruffalo), to wonderful stagecraft from Henley (Isla Fisher), Atlas (Jesse Eisenberg) and Merritt (Woody Harrelson).

We're undernably proud and very excited about this movie. Please let us know if there is anything else we can answer for you.

Sincerely,



Alex Kurtzman

Bob Orci

Bobby Cohen

NOW YOU SEE ME

Written by

Boaz Yakin & Edward Ricourt

Revisions by

Josh Appelbaum & André Nemec

OVER BLACK, we hear...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
(softly)
Alright... Look closely... Stay
with me--

Words APPEAR on-screen: "NOW YOU SEE ME".

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
What do you say we take a little
journey--?

A PAIR OF HANDS wipe the frame, ERASING the words from the screen.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
See, back in the day, magic had
people scared. Shit-bird
terrified. Some thought it was the
devil's work. Others saw magicians
as con men. Thieves--

THE PAIR OF HANDS - Dance swiftly and deliberately over one another - pulling an ACE OF SPADES out of the air, which quickly transforms into a SWITCHBLADE. And then, a BATCH OF GOLD COINS. The MAN'S VOICE becomes LOUDER--

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
-- magic was something to fear. It
was dangerous. As it should be.
Like all things worth a damn--

As the SLEIGHT OF HAND continues--

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
But somewhere along the way, that
changed. Magic became
commercialized. Sanitized. Of all
things--

Pull back from the PAIR OF HANDS to find--

MICHAEL ATLAS, a handsome man wearing jeans and a T-shirt. His palpable street smarts belying his charismatic stage personae. Basked in a SPOTLIGHT, he looks to camera:

ATLAS
-- magic became safe.

Atlas speaks with mounting intensity...

ATLAS (CONT'D)

To this day, the Art of Magic has
been stolen by thieves in Purple
Tailcoats tying balloon animals.
But tonight, with your help...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL WE ARE:

INT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - THEATER - NIGHT

REVERSE ON A HUGE VEGAS AUDIENCE: A THEATER IN THE ROUND.
Atlas is surrounded at 360 Degrees by people of all ages and
classes who pack the auditorium, hanging on his words--

ATLAS

...we're stealing it back.

Atlas gestures and THREE MORE SPOTLIGHTS illuminate his
FELLOW MAGICIANS:

ALEX HERO: A young man, all bright eyed Americana. A
distinctly modern Pop Culture creation.

HENLEY BOONE: A fiercely attractive woman. Her beauty is only
matched by her razor sharp instincts.

MERRITT OSBORNE: A Southern Gentleman with a wry sense of
humour and deep wicked eyes buried under whiskey bags.

Atlas, Henley, Merritt and Alex stand on separate CORNERS of
the stage, each facing separate quadrants of the audience.
We now get a good look at:

The STAGE DESIGN: It's MODERN, HIGH TECH, FULLY EXPOSED - not
your parent's magic show.

Henley addresses the audience:

HENLEY

Let's call it like it is: things
are tough out there. The Job Hunt
has turned into a cockroach crawl.
Mortgage payments are difficult to
make. Life, as we once knew it,
has become a struggle. While the
crooks-- sorry, the businessmen and
bankers, who created this mess live
fat at our expense. So we think
it's time to cut into our share of
the pie...

The audience is WILDLY INTRIGUED to see where this is going.
But there is an AWKWARD SILENCE on stage.

Atlas, Henley and Alex look to Merritt, who is oblivious to the fact that he is DROPPING HIS CUE. This is clearly not a well oiled machine--

HENLEY (CONT'D)
(prompting Merritt)
"For our final act--"

Merritt PICKS UP Henley's cue--

MERRITT
For our final act, The Four Horsemen are going to attempt something never seen on a Vegas Stage before. Or on a stage anywhere else, for that matter...

Alex BOLDLY PROCLAIMS--

ALEX
Tonight... we're gonna rob a bank.

The audience REACTS: Murmurs. Excitement. Anticipation. This rush of energy takes us to the:

CONTROL ROOM - where two STAGE TECHNICIANS watch the show from behind large CONTROL BOARDS, sharing in the audience's AWE AND CONFUSION--

STAGE TECH #1
(dumbfounded)
Did he say --??

STAGE TECH #2
(shrugs)
We're both flying blind here.
(re: The Four Horsemen)
They didn't tell me shit except where to hit my cues...

With that, Stage Tech #2 PRESSES A BUTTON and we GO BACK:

ON STAGE: where FOUR LARGE-SCREEN MONITORS lower into place above each of the four Magicians. Atlas takes control of the crowd--

ATLAS
Is there someone out there who has an axe to grind with their bank?

The Crowd explodes-- Everyone yelling out the names of their banks: "Omaha Trust!" "Kansas National!" "B of A!"

Atlas zeros in on one person in particular - we'll call him the MAN FROM PARIS: Middle-aged, mustache, natty jacket, sitting with his WIFE--

ATLAS (CONT'D)

You, sir. Where are you from?

MAN FROM PARIS

Paris.

ATLAS

("Oof. *That's far away.*")

Paris. *Okay.* We were hoping to take a swipe at somewhere more domestic, but I guess our Financial Institutions are all part of the same Mafia...

HENLEY

And Paris will definitely make things more interesting...

"Interesting", as in "more difficult"...

ATLAS

(daunted)

Yes it will.

(then, to Man from Paris)

Tell us the name of your Bank...

Before The Man From Paris can answer, Merritt INTERJECTS:

MERRITT

Wait--

Atlas masks his displeasure with the interruption. All eyes are on Merritt, as he concentrates deeply:

MERRITT (CONT'D)

Is it... Credit Lyonnais?

MAN FROM PARIS

That's right.

Merritt nods proudly. Atlas gives him his props--

ATLAS

(to the audience)

Score another one for The Cardinal of Clairvoyance, Mr. Merritt Osborne!

The Audience APPLAUDS.

MAN FROM PARIS

But all of Paris goes to this
bank...

Good point. Atlas thinks fast, but it's Henley who comes in
for the save--

HENLEY

Which is exactly why we're going to
teach them a lesson they'll never
forget.

(smiles, to the Audience)

Want to give the French something
else to blame us for?

The Crowd CHEERS. Particularly the men. They love her.
Henley shoots Atlas a look: "I saved your ass." Atlas shakes
it off. Then:

ATLAS

It's about 7:30 in the morning
Paris time.

(to the Man from Paris)

Why don't you come on up and give
us a hand?

As The Man From Paris heads towards stage, the MONITORS above
the Horsemen flicker on, displaying a GRAPHIC:

"ARTHUR TRESSLER PRESENTS: THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

ATLAS (CONT'D)

While we give our brave volunteer a
moment to get up here, everyone
please say hello to the man who
made this possible, Arthur
Tressler!

IN THE AUDIENCE: A SPOT LIGHT SHINES ON ARTHUR TRESSLER, who
stands to much applause. A well dressed wolf-jawed business
man with an eye for talent of any form who has never failed
in any of his various ventures. He is a showman and a
storyteller, but only because business requires it sometimes.
Fame is not his game.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

(re: the Graphic)

What do you think, Arthur? We put
your name up top.

ARTHUR TRESSLER

If you turn out to be as good as
you think you are, that won't be
necessary much longer.

ATLAS
Give him a hand everybody.

Audience claps, as Tressler waves and retakes his seat.

BACK ON STAGE: the Man From Paris is greeted by Merritt.

MERRITT
Now, I want you to close your eyes
and focus for me, Pierre...

MAN FROM PARIS
Etienne. My name is Etienne...

MERRITT
Okay. Now concentrate, Pierre.

LAUGHTER from the audience. Then, Henley pulls out two
ELECTRODES. She shows them to the audience and then raises
them to The Man From Paris' TEMPLES...

HENLEY
What you're about to feel are two
Electrodes. Completely safe. I
designed them myself. To help
transmit your neural waves.
Hopefully, as far as Paris...

Alex applies the Electrodes and steps back. Merritt steps
towards The Man From Paris...

MERRITT
(hypnotic, intense)
Picture your bank. The branch you
go to. Imagine the teller. The
vault. *Especially* the vault. Do
you see it?

MAN FROM PARIS
(eyes closed)
I see it.

The LOGO vanishes off the screen and AN IMAGE takes shape:
It's VIDEO SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE OF THE BANK. DRAMATIC MUSIC
FILLS THE AIR. The Audience is enraptured.

MERRITT
(to The Man From Paris)
Open your eyes.
(re: overhead Monitors)
Is that your bank?

The Man From Paris looks up at the Monitors, but...

MAN FROM PARIS
I... I can't be sure.

ATLAS
Then maybe you should take a look
around.

Henley steps up, holding A BRIGHT RED SPACE-AGE JUMPSUIT.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
You'll be folding through
dimensions, which can be dangerous
for the uninitiated. Hop in. Alex
will give you a hand--

At the mention of Alex's name, the YOUNG WOMEN in the
audience SHRIEK WITH ADORATION. Merritt grimaces in pain,
the high-pitched mega-decibels are a volley of needles for
his hangover. Alex PUMPS HIS FIST at the crowd and the
shrieking intensifies.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Alright, ladies. Alex loves you,
too. But it's almost past his
bedtime. So let's get down to
business.

The cheering subsides. Alex helps the Man From Paris into
the Red Jumpsuit. Off The Man From Paris' hesitance...

HENLEY
Hop in. I lined the suit with
fibers to make sure you get there
safe...

Alex quickly ZIPS the Man From Paris into the Red Jumpsuit,
as he asks--

MAN FROM PARIS
(panicked, freaked)
Get where-- ?? Where am I
going?!?!

None of the Horsemen answer. Instead, they step away from
The Man From Paris, leaving him alone at CENTER STAGE.

SWOOOSH!!! Suddenly, a CLEAR CYLINDRICAL SCREEN drops from
the ceiling, forming a LARGE COCOON around The Man From
Paris. MUSIC RISES, drowning out his cries for explanation--

ATLAS
It's all you, Pierre...

The Screen begins to PULSE with embedded LED LIGHTS. The audience watches as The Man From Paris, seemingly, becomes PIXILATED, his body DIGITIZING... DEMATERIALIZING.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
...Take that leap for mankind.

In a BRUTAL FLASH, the CIRCULAR METAL SUPPORT for the Screen PLUMMETS to the stage, SMASHING DOWN... theoretically CRUSHING The Man From Paris.

The audience GASPS. A moment of silence.

THE MAN FROM PARIS IS GONE. Atlas looks up at the MONITORS, as if dumbfounded.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Pierre!?... Can you hear me?
Pierre--??

Alex steps towards the Audience and smiles assuringly--

ALEX
Give us a minute, folks. We'll sort this out. It's our first time trying this and--

Alex is interrupted by the sounds of--

MAN FROM PARIS (O.S.)
Allo? Mr. Atlas...?

ON THE MONITOR: The Man From Paris walks into frame. He looks around, confused... A bit scared.

MAN FROM PARIS (ON MONITOR) (CONT'D)
I'm... in my bank, I believe.
I'm... in Paris.

The Crowd LEANS FORWARD in their seats, totally locked in, entranced by this most impossible of circumstances. Everyone is in awe, with the exception of--

THADDEUS BRADLEY: An acerbic wit wearing a gentleman's hat. He snorts derisively at the on-stage antics, and is about to take a sip of his BLOODY BULL when a MALE USHER approaches--

USHER
Excuse me, sir, there's no drinking in the auditorium.

THADDEUS
(indignant)
We're still in Vegas, aren't we?

USHER

House Rules. You can finish your
drink outside, if you--

But Thaddeus SLAMS BACK the drink. He holds the EMPTY GLASS
out to the Usher--

THADDEUS

All yours.

The Usher takes the Glass from Thaddeus and heads up the
aisle. Thaddeus sees the OLD WOMAN next to him giving him an
irritated look. He leans over, reaches behind her head, and
comes out with an FLASK OF WHISKEY. The Old Woman FROWNS.
Thaddeus grins at her:

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

Abacadabra, you old Swamp Donkey.

RESUME: ON THE MONITOR: The Man From Paris looks around
helplessly. Atlas calls out to him.

ATLAS

You're doing great, Pierre. Now I
want you to move towards the safe.

MAN FROM PARIS (ON MONITOR)

But--

ATLAS

I got your back, buddy. Trust me.

The Man From Paris walks across the bank.

Atlas lays his hands on the screen as if he is maneuvering
the camera, sliding the image so we stay with the Man From
Paris. He stops at the SAFE.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Press your hands against the safe.
Concentrate, Pierre.

The Man From Paris does it. A moment passes... Then, THE
VAULT DOOR CLICKS OPEN.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Now push. Push hard!

ON THE MONITORS: The Man From Paris pushes the safe door
open. Steps in. THERE IS MONEY EVERYWHERE.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

*Ain't that a bitch... All that
money just sitting there.*

(MORE)

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Does that seem right to you?
(the AUDIENCE roars "NO!")
Does that seem fair?!
("NO!" again)
Well, I'm nothing if not a fair
man. Don't you think we deserve
some of that cash right here?

The Crowd ROARS in approval. Atlas gestures and the
Cylindrical Screen SHOOTs BACK UP to the rafters. Atlas
stands Center Stage. Pumping up the audience--

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Let's do this, let's do this!

WHAAAM!!! The Circular Metal Support PLUNGES from the
CEILING, smashing down onto Atlas.

The audience holds their breath. They look up:

ON THE MONITORS: The Man From Paris turns, looking outside
the safe door-- Then backs away as Atlas walks in.

Atlas turns and looks to the camera, talking to the Crowd in
the Las Vegas theater. It is an electrifying moment - Atlas
captures the power of it...

ATLAS (CONT'D)
On behalf of The Four Horsemen, we
want to thank you all for
supporting us individually
throughout the years. And we
appreciate you coming out tonight
to watch us play together in the
same sandbox. So in the spirit of
paying you back, we're gonna raise
our fists to the gods...

Atlas grabs a fistful of EUROS.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
... and pray for rain.

Atlas THROWS THE EUROS at the surveillance camera, and--

IN THE THEATER:

MONEY fires out from air cannons hidden around the stage,
CASCADING OVER THE AUDIENCE AND RAINING DOWN ON THEM. The
Crowd snatch bills from the air, and scramble for the money
that has fallen to the floor...

THE OLD LADY next to Thaddeus turns to him, holding a few
BILLS in her hand:

OLD LADY
Is it... real?

Thaddeus takes the EUROS from her hand and hands her his flask. He studies the bills for a moment - they are real. And Thaddeus is deeply annoyed by this.

He sticks the bills in his pocket. Rises. Heads up the aisle, obscured by A SHOWER OF FALLING MONEY and the FRENZIED AUDIENCE--

ON THE MONITOR: Atlas signs off:

ATLAS
Be safe tonight.
(looks around)
Or is it... *this morning?*

As the Monitor SNAPS OFF, we SMASH TO BLACK. SUPER:

Paris, France - 8:50 AM

INT. GUARD OFFICE - CREDIT LYONNAIS - DAY

A PHONE RINGS. THE GUARD CAPTAIN answers:

GUARD CAPTAIN
(IN FRENCH, SUBTITLED)
<Allo? No we haven't opened yet.>
(listens)
<From Las Vegas? In America?
That's ridiculous...>
(listens again)
<I understand. Right away...>

INT. CORRIDOR - CREDIT LYONNAIS - DAY

TWO GUARDS hurry down the hallway toward the VAULT DOOR. They put in dual keys, press a code, and wait a moment... Then the door swings open EXPELLING A TREMENDOUS GUST OF GASEOUS FUMES, causing the Guards to cough and gag.

The Guards WAVE AWAY the fumes. Clearing a path to reveal: ALL THE MONEY IS GONE! As they react, thunderstruck, and a WRAFT OF FUMES brushes past camera... we MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

A ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM bursting through the SMOKE rising from an underground heating vent. It rolls out of the PARKING EXIT and turns onto THE STRIP, blending in with the traffic.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - NIGHT

Atlas dabs at his forehead with a handkerchief. Henley sits beside him, facing Alex and Merritt. Henley looks at her WATCH.

HENLEY
Nine a.m., in Paris.

ATLAS
(near disbelief)
You know what that means...

Alex is overwhelmed with the realization that:

ALEX
...we just shook the world.

A beat. Merritt GRINS. Then:

MERRITT
You bet your ass we did.

The thrill of victory washes over The Four Horsemen, barely able to contain their giddiness over what they just accomplished... Merritt raises a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

MERRITT (CONT'D)
To the sum being greater than its parts!

Before Merritt takes a swig, Atlas stops him.

ATLAS
To doing better next time.
(to Merritt, sharp)
That means hitting your cues. And not going *off book*.

MERRITT
(incredulous)
Now there's a book??? That's news to me. Where can I get a copy?

ATLAS
I don't know. Why don't you ask your pal Jim Beam to lend you his library card--

HENLEY
(snaps at Atlas)
Michael--!

MERRITT
 ("you fucking hypocrite")
 Gunning for Sainthood, are we
 now...?

ATLAS
 Not a chance. Just saving the party
 til after these shows are in the
 bag. And we close out like
 professionals.

HENLEY
 There's nothing professional about
 any of this. You shot us up on
 that stage faster than spunk
 through a spaniel. I begged you
 for more rehearsal time--

ATLAS
 That wasn't an option.

HENLEY
 Well maybe it should've been.
 (a dig at Atlas)
 Considering one of us ain't so
 swift when it comes to thinking on
 his feet--

ALEX
 Hey-- If it wasn't for Michael--

ATLAS
YOU DON'T SPEAK. Not until you
 show me that your only focus is the
act.
 (blistering)
 I was surprised you didn't walk off
 stage in the middle of the show to
 sign autographs--

ALEX
 But--

Alex is cut off by Atlas' RINGING CELLPHONE. Though there
 are unresolved issues amongst the Horsemen, Atlas takes the
call... Puts it on the SPEAKERPHONE. Atlas calls out:

ATLAS
 Arthur! Enjoy the show?

INT. MGM GRAND HOTEL - THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

Amongst the commotion of AUDIENCE MEMBERS and SECURITY GUARDS, still reeling from The Four Horsemen's feat, Tressler speaks into his phone. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

ARTHUR TRESSLER

Better than I could've hoped.
Amazing work. Though, without
getting too technical, don't you
think grand larceny should've
fallen under the "*shit-you-should-
have-told-me about*" clause of our
contract?

ATLAS

Oh, c'mon, Arthur, you'll probably
get the cover of Forbes again when
we're done.

ARTHUR TRESSLER

And if I do, I don't wanna be
handcuffed in my pajamas.

HENLEY

I'll bet you look cute in your
pajamas.

ATLAS

Relax, Arthur, it's just a trick --
you don't think a woman gets sawed
in half in every two bit parlor
show across the country, do you?

ARTHUR TRESSLER

You shouldn't bullshit a black belt
in bullshit. Try telling Houdini
his last trick was just a trick.

ALEX

(ribbing him)

Let me guess, you knew him, too?

ARTHUR TRESSLER

Not in the flesh, but he might've
made an appearance during a dinner
seance I once attended with Nancy
Reagan.

With Tressler now as he's approached by PRESS.

REPORTER #1

Mr. Tressler -- a few questions
please?

Before we hear his questions we cut back into the limo to hear only Tressler's side of the conversation:

TRESSLER

(on Speaker)

Hold on a minute, everyone,
opportunity knocks --

(beat, to the reporter)

Are you fucking kidding me? You
thought that was real? I suppose
you think women are actually sawed
in half, too? It must be a real
slow news day for you to be
contemplating slander.

(beat, reporter barely
audible)

Go ahead... print whatever you
want. If you do a good job, maybe
I'll give you a raise when I buy
your damn newspaper. Now excuse
me.

The Horsemen aren't sure how to react...

ARTHUR TRESSLER

You all still there?

ALEX

Was that a good idea? Aren't they
going to look at us even closer,
now?

BEAT... Sly smiles start to creep over the faces of the rest
of them... hysterical laughing starts...

ARTHUR TRESSLER

They don't call it the 'free' press
for nothing, kids.

ATLAS

We're going to be on the lead story
in every newspaper and fucking
morning show...

Henley, Alex and Merritt look on with smiles. The mood
between the Horsemen like a rock band after a successful show
talking to their proud manager.

ARTHUR TRESSLER

Get some rest, everybody,
tomorrow's going to be an
interesting day.

Atlas HANGS UP. Off The Four Horsemen, well aware that their lives are about to enter uncharted territory...

PRELAP: PURPOSEFUL, HIGH ENERGY MUSIC. THEN, A GRAPHIC:

"BREAKING NEWS: BANK HEIST OR HOAX?"

SLAM into an AMERICAN morning CABLE NEWS BROADCAST. As the Anchorman reports to camera:

U.S. ANCHORMAN
What happens in Vegas *doesn't*
always stay in Vegas.

Now, a BRITISH NEWSCAST:

BRITISH ANCHORMAN
What began as a magic lover's dream
has turned into a law enforcement
nightmare--

A FRENCH NEWSCAST:

FRENCH ANCHORMAN
Authorities are reporting the theft
of one-point-five million Euros
from a Paris Branch of Credit
Lyonnais--

ANOTHER U.S. NEWSCAST:

U.S. ANCHORMAN # 2
Surveillance footage from inside
the vault shows New York street
performer turned popular
Illusionist Michael Atlas--

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of ATLAS in the VAULT. Which takes us
to a U.S. GOSSIP SHOW:

GOSSIP SHOW HOST
Who was performing on stage in Las
Vegas with YouTube sensation Alex
Hero...

IMAGE OF: ALEX, a few years younger, performing SLEIGHT OF
HAND on YouTube.

GOSSIP SHOW HOST (CONT'D)
... trailblazing female Magician
Henley Boone...

IMAGE OF: Henley performing with two MALE ASSISTANTS.

GOSSIP SHOW HOST (CONT'D)
 .. and infamous disgraced Mentalist
 Merritt Osborne...

IMAGE OF: A MUG SHOT of Merritt - The emotion in his black
 eye is impossible to decipher.

U.S. REPORTER
 ... It was just four months ago
 that Atlas assembled this
 Supergroup of Magicians--

EXT. ENCORE HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

A frenzied scene as REPORTERS, CAMERAMEN, HOTEL GUESTS and
 ONLOOKERS fuel anticipation by the Front Doors. We pick up a
 U.S. REPORTER, as she broadcasts:

U.S. REPORTER
 -- for a limited run tour which
 kicked off last night--

CAMERA PANS to ANOTHER U.S. REPORTER:

U.S. REPORTER #2
 -- But now, as The Four Horsemen
 take refuge in the Penthouse Suite
 behind us, we're left to wonder
 what future--

Suddenly, a PHALANX OF GOVERNMENT VEHICLES descend on the
 main entrance, screeching to a halt as FBI AGENTS, SWAT and
 VEGAS PD fall into action. QUICK PAN BACK TO:

U.S. REPORTER
 -- Here we go--

The U.S. Reporter joins the SWARM of REPORTERS who descend on
 the man in charge - FBI AGENT DYLAN HOBBS, early thirties, a
 four year agent with veteran instincts.

Dylan pushes past the Reporters as he falls in step with the
 HOTEL MANAGER.

DYLAN
 (re: the crowd of
 Reporters)
 Way to foam the runway. I can
 always count on you, Harry...

HOTEL MANAGER
 You want anonymity? Don't go after
 the biggest act on The Strip.

DYLAN

Tell your Pit Boss the tables are
frozen until we're out of here.

The Hotel Manager WINCES, as he follows Dylan--

INT. ENCORE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

TRACKING WITH: Dylan and the Hotel Manager. Agents and
Officers riding their wake...

HOTEL MANAGER

You know what that's gonna cost the
house?

DYLAN

Not my problem. And maybe next
time I ask for Springsteen Tickets,
you come through--

Dylan tosses a sly grin and PEELS AWAY. The Hotel Manager
calls after him.

HOTEL MANAGER

Comps go to people who make us
money. You're like the Antichrist
of Capitalism!

DYLAN

(turning back, still
moving)

What can I tell you, Harry? I'm
just a humble servant of the RICO
Act--

FBI AGENT FULLER, sweet faced, Dylan's closest ally in the
department, falls in step with Dylan.

FULLER

We have confirmation they haven't
left their suite. I put two men on
each stairwell exit.

DYLAN

Coordinate with Operations. I want
every elevator servicing the
Penthouse under our thumb. Breach
Team is in my command. Give me two
men for each Horseman.

FULLER

They're magicians. You wanna bring
in a Militia?

DYLAN

I don't care what their day job is.
They just pulled off the mind-fuck
of the Century. Who knows what
contingencies they have in place to
protect their secret--

As the potential danger hangs in the air, we SMASH TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - ENCORE HOTEL - DAY

Dylan and EIGHT SWAT TEAM MEMBERS burst through the door,
weapons drawn. The mood is frenetic, unhinged--

DYLAN

FBI! FBI--!!!

Dylan and SWAT turn a corner. Standing in the middle of the
Living Room are The Four Horsemen. And their mood is in
stark contrast to the circumstances. They are calm.
Collected. At ease. Merritt says to Dylan, as if he didn't
have a gun in his face...

MERRITT

We thought you'd be here sooner.

Dylan isn't taking any chances--

DYLAN

HANDS-- I WANT TO SEE HANDS!!!

The Four Horsemen raise their hands. Henley looks to the
ground - indicating their PACKED LUGGAGE. Then, to Dylan:

HENLEY

Can you send someone to help us
with our bags?

Off Dylan, not sure what to make of The Horsemen. Or
Henley's request.

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

LOW TRACKING ANGLE ON: The Horsemen's LUGGAGE, carried by the
SWAT TEAM. As SWAT clears frame, we FIND Dylan and Fuller
leading The Horsemen into the BUSTLING BULLPEN. SUPER:

FBI Headquarters - Nevada Field Office

Dylan turns to Fuller:

DYLAN
(re: The Four Horsemen)
Split 'em up.

Fuller nods. Dylan peels away and is immediately FLANKED by two YOUNG AGENTS - STAMBLER and GRAVEN. As Stambler and Graven keep pace with Dylan, filling him in--

AGENT STAMBLER
The Stage Manager, Lighting and Sound Tech's who worked the show all had the same story: The Horsemen showed up without any crew, assistants or support staff.

AGENT GRAVEN
(holds up a FILE)
Just a rudimentary set of technical instructions. Which give us nothing...

DYLAN
Any word on Tressler?

AGENT STAMBLER
He lawyered up so fast and so high that nothing's sticking.

DYLAN
And the French guy The Horsemen pulled up on stage?

AGENT STAMBLER
Conference Room B but we've got ourselves some outside interference.

Which TAKES US TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM B - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Man From Paris sits across a table from by INTERPOL AGENT ALMA GERARD, French, warm eyes, dressed for business. They speak IN FRENCH, SUBTITLED.

MAN FROM PARIS
(exasperated, indignant)
... One minute I am on stage. The next, I'm in a small room with a nice couch--

ALMA

We ran a scan on your voice from
the tape inside the vault. It's a
match.

Dylan enters, CONFUSED and ALARMED by Alma's presence--

DYLAN

(to Alma)

Excuse me-- What the hell is this--

Alma stands and approaches Dylan...

ALMA

You must be--

DYLAN

Dylan Hobbes. Lead Agent assigned
to--

Alma offers Dylan her hand--

ALMA

-- Alma Gerard. Interpol Liaison.

MAN FROM PARIS

(contemptuous)

This schoolgirl is accusing me of
transporting through time...

DYLAN

(to Alma)

Can I have a word with you?

INT. HALLWAY - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dylan and Alma exit the conference room.

DYLAN

(pissed)

What are you doing in there?
That's my witness--

ALMA

Just making conversation.
(re: Man From Paris)
We should cut him loose. He wasn't
in on it--

DYLAN

Who are you? I thought they were
sending Agent Moreau?

ALMA

He was called away on a family matter.

DYLAN

I spoke to him last night--

ALMA

-- His mother fell ill. Her heart.
(reading Dylan)
You seem disappointed.

Dylan is taken by Alma. She's undeniably beautiful. And headstrong. Then, softening a bit--

DYLAN

No. It's just, he was always good for a box of Macaroons from Rue du Monde. I like Macaroons.

Alma grins. Amused by Dylan. A beat between them, as Dylan's Boss, SAC HERNANDEZ approaches--

HERNANDEZ

I see you met our Liaison.

DYLAN

(wry)
She was hard to miss.

HERNANDEZ

Agent Gerard was debriefed on The Horsemen during her flight over. I've authorized her to copilot your interrogations.

DYLAN

(bristles)
With all due respect, the criminals we're dealing with are a distinctly American breed--

HERNANDEZ

-- Who robbed a distinctly Parisian Banking office.

DYLAN

I can handle it--

HERNANDEZ

This is not a conversation. We need all the resources available... Agent Gerard can be valuable--

ALMA

Don't worry, Agent Hobbes. Despite not bringing pastry, I make for an exceptional *House Guest*.

Alma steps towards him...

ALMA (CONT'D)

Now let's go break these guys.

Off Dylan, impressed by Alma. And energized to get answers from The Four Horsemen.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

PANNING ACROSS A ROW OF VIDEO MONITORS: Each one showing a separate INTERROGATION ROOM for each of the Horsemen are being held. Hernandez watches the Monitors as:

The images turn from BLUE to RED, measuring temperature... blood pressure. There are all kinds of fluctuations happening on the screen. PUSH INTO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dylan and Alma stand by the door. Fuller leads Alex Hero, hands cuffed, into the room, brushing past Dylan and Alma. As Fuller sits Alex down at the table and settles in across from him, Dylan READS from Alex's file:

DYLAN

Alex Hero. Born Alex Hess. Raised in Bakersfield, California. Placed in a Group Home at age seven, following a firearms incident involving his mother and her live-in boyfriend. The Protective Services Officer described Alex as "*Popular with the other kids. Deft at using his facility for sleight of hand as a means of staying out of trouble.*"

Dylan places himself behind Alex and leans in, strong--

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What do you think they'd be writing about you now, Alex? Because from where I'm standing... You're in lots of trouble.

Alex is uneasy. A kid out of his league...

ALEX

Where's Michael Atlas? I wanna talk to Michael.

DYLAN

Atlas is the last person you should be asking for. He's the one that got you into this shit heap--

ALEX

(defiant)
I'm my own man.

DYLAN

Are you? It was Atlas who discovered you on the Internet. It was Atlas who pulled you out of that Group Home--

ALEX

-- Don't put this on him--

Alex is protective of Atlas. But Dylan keeps pushing--

DYLAN

-- Atlas who taught you all of his tricks. Which one of his tricks did you use to rob that bank--

Suddenly, Alex snatches Fuller's hands, then slams them back down on the table in a single dizzyingly quick motion, and--

Dylan and Alma move forward, but stop as they see that Agent Fuller is now wearing the handcuffs on his own wrists. Fuller glares at Alex; then reaches his cuffed hands to his pocket, fishing around in there, but...

ALEX

Looking for something?
(turns to Alma)
You started on that soda yet, Miss...?

Alma raises the UNOPENED DIET COKE CAN in her hand.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Feels a little heavy, doesn't it?

Alma's eyes narrow. She shakes the diet coke can. There is a clinking sound from inside it. She peels the cap off, then walks over to the table and turns it over, letting the soda spill onto the interrogation table, until a SINGLE KEY drops out of the hole and clinks onto the table top.

ALEX (CONT'D)

My mother did tricks. You want to know what Atlas taught me?

(a beat)

Always be the smartest guy in the room.

Dylan, Alma and Fuller look at Alex with newfound respect in their eyes. He's young, but clearly a formidable opponent. To voice the sentiment, we PRELAP:

DYLAN

You're a rare breed...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dylan and Alma interrogate Henley. Fuller stands in the corner.

DYLAN

... I didn't know there was such a thing as a Female Magician.

HENLEY

(condescending)

This must be a big day for you. All these new discoveries...

Dylan locks eyes with Henley. Alma takes over, reading Henley's FILE--

ALMA

You were the Homecoming Queen. Most popular girl in your High School. But you always found time to hang with the misfits...

HENLEY

It's the misfits who make the world an interesting place...

ALMA

You forewent College to work as a Magician's Assistant. Traveled for six years with various acts. In 2008, you began to headline...

HENLEY

("that's right")

... You get thrown in a box and sawed in half over three thousand times, you begin to realize...

(MORE)

HENLEY (CONT'D)
there's a better way to build the
box.

ALMA
Which has been your specialty -
innovating prop design.
Prototyping mechanical components--

DYLAN
Prototypes which could come in
handy for someone trying to enter a
vault--

Henley sits back in her chair. Regards the Agents with
wonder, bordering on contempt... Then, bemused:

HENLEY
Wow. This really is your first day
at Kindergarten...
(then, bemused)
You actually think we robbed that
bank...

ALMA
How else would you explain those
missing Euros...?

As Henley SHRUGS, we PRELAP:

MERRITT (PRELAP)
Coincidence?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dylan, pissed off, snaps:

DYLAN
Coincidence?

Merritt sits across from Dylan and Alma. His dark eyes burn,
his temper always in check. (*Well, maybe not always.*)

ALMA
You're lying.

MERRITT
Sadly for you, the best lies are
the ones closest to the truth.

DYLAN
Then is it also a coincidence that
you've been arrested three times in
Paris.

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Twice for drunk and disorderly,
once for assault on a police
officer?

Dylan throws a couple of pictures on the table. We catch a gruesome glimpse of what's on them as Merritt picks them up. As hard it is to believe it's possible, his expression hardens even more.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NEW ORLEANS' CLUB - NIGHT

Merritt reaches a hand out toward the camera, his eyes gleaming with intensity.

ALMA (V.O.)
*You're supposed to be the best
mentalist there ever was...*

IMAGES: of people lying like planks across two chairs while others jump up and down on their stomachs, an OLD WOMAN impossibly holding a huge FAT MAN over her head, etc..

ALMA (V.O.)
*Sold out shows in New Orleans for
years alledgedly hypnotizing dozen
of audience members every night.
But, one night in the French
Quarter, it all went to hell...*

INT. VODOO LOUNGE - FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

Merritt is surrounded by an adoring crowd. A DRUNKEN CLUBBER pushes through, stands in front of Merritt and splashes a drink in his face.

CLUBBER
If you're so goddamn smart, why
didn't you see that coming? Aren't
you the great mentalist? Seventy
bucks a seat- You're not worth the
piss I just took in the back alley,
mate.

MERRITT
(icy calm)
Excuse me gentlemen, ladies.
(turns to the Clubber)
So you want your money's worth?

IMAGE OF: THE CLUBBER being wheeled out of the venue, with his broken glass sticking out of his mouth, as the EMT struggle to carry him out without creating more damage.

SMASH TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dylan rip the pictures out of Merritt's hands.

DYLAN

Anger management problems, Osborne?

Merritt glares at Dylan.

ALMA

(intervening)

The problem's no one there could remember if he did it, or the guy did to himself. In any case, he served three years for aggravated assault. And spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in legal fees.

DYLAN

Big money which spent years sitting in a bank somewhere in Paris, accruing interest for someone other than yourself--

MERRITT

Are you implying I have motive?

DYLAN

You're the one who calls himself a mentalist. Read my mind.

MERRITT

There's not a lot to work with.

DYLAN

Try me.

Merritt's eyes dance over Dylan for a long, uncomfortable beat. And then--

MERRITT

That would require navigating through a cerebral cortex littered with Dead Daddy issues. And the obsessive need to find structure in an otherwise irrational universe.

(MORE)

MERRITT (CONT'D)

No matter the cost to your personal happiness.

Merritt's words PIERCE Dylan, exposing a painful truth. But Merritt is just getting started--

MERRITT (CONT'D)

(to Dylan)

When's the last time you had a good_ lay, Agent Hobbes?

(re: Alma)

I'm sure your new friend would be happy to provide you some much needed release--

DYLAN

-- *That's enough.*

MERRITT

Let the lady speak for herself. This could be just what she's been looking for. A boon to her career. What better way for a Desk Jockey to gain acceptance on her first assignment in the field?

Dylan looks to Alma: *"Is that true? You've never been in the field before?"* But Alma deflects, turning back to Merritt--

ALMA

I can think of one better way--
(aggressive)

It involves you eating stale toast for supper inside a concrete cell.

MERRITT

Fair enough...

ATLAS (PRELAP)

-- But begging the question--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #4 - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Atlas sits comfortably in his chair--

ATLAS

-- what exactly are you charging us with?

Dylan, Alma and Fuller look exhausted. Drained from an afternoon of getting stonewalled and humiliated...

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Conspiring to tamper with the sleep
patterns of a Federal Agent?

Dylan presses:

DYLAN
The money that went missing from
the vault--

ATLAS
("one more time")
-- is nowhere in my possession.
And has no correlation to the cash
showered down on the audience.
(then)
That was an act of gratitude.

DYLAN
Gratitude.

ATLAS
We're thankful for our fans.

ALMA
So this had nothing to do with
personal gain?

ATLAS
I didn't say that. When was the
last time a magic act led off the
evening news?

DYLAN
That's what this is about? Four
bitter tradesmen, working in a
marginalized craft looking for
recognition?

ATLAS
That would give us something in
common, wouldn't it?

A sharp hit to Dylan. Atlas leans forward...

ATLAS (CONT'D)
But here's where we're different:
I'm going to win. And you're going
to lose.

Dylan comes in close.

DYLAN
This is just me warming up--

ATLAS

Then we have two things in common. Because unless you think there's a DA in the state of Nevada who'd be willing to make sense of this to a jury... I'm heading to Atlantic City. Tomorrow night we have a show to perform.

(a beat, then)

And you, Agent Hobbes, have a *drawing board* to get back to...

Dylan and Atlas eye-fuck. Dylan filled with the brutal realization that he's lost this round...

EXT. OPERATIONS CENTER - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SLO MO: On The Four Horsemen, walking out the Front Door, towards freedom looking back defiantly towards Dylan, Alma and Hernandez - watching them go. The mood is GRIM. As we SNAP BACK TO 24 FPS, Hernandez turns to Dylan--

ALMA

Next stop, Atlantic City?

DYLAN

Not yet. And not with you...

(to Hernandez)

Were you aware she has no field experience...?

HERNANDEZ

She held her own just fine in there.

DYLAN

Right now, that's not good enough. We need specialists--

HERNANDEZ

Tully Leppo's on the payroll. He helped you close that B of A heist last May.

DYLAN

I don't need someone to tell me how you rob a bank. I know how you rob a bank. What I don't know is how you do it from 5,000 miles away.

ALMA

You can't. It's impossible.
Unless... there's, maybe, I don't
know... other forces at play...

DYLAN

(incredulous)
Now you believe in magic...?

ALMA

I don't want to believe. And
neither do you. But there is
someone who can help us...

This has Dylan's attention. As he waits to see who Alma is
thinking of, we:

FULLER (PRELAP)

Thaddeus Bradley.

INT. FULLER'S CUBICLE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dylan, Alma and Hernandez stand over Fuller, who works the
COMPUTER, pulling up INFO on THADDEUS BRADLEY - the surly
audience member from the opening show...

FULLER

An unpromising young magician who
found his calling as a Professional
Debunker. Made a killing on DVDs
lifting the curtain on
conspiracies, commonly held myths,
and...

ALMA

Magician's trade craft. Remember
Lionel Shrike? The magician who
drowned in the Hudson River?

DYLAN

Vaguely rings a bell. How do you
know about this...?

ALMA

You learn a lot sitting behind a
desk.

Fuller pulls up a WEB PAGE on "LIONEL SHRIKE", featuring a
POSTER which depicts Lionel Shrike performing magic while
surrounded by ADORING YOUNG BOYS AND GIRLS--

ALMA (CONT'D)

In his early twenties, Thaddeus earned a name for himself when he published an article exposing Shrike's entire act. Shrike attempted to regain his standing by submerging himself in the river while shackled. But he never resurfaced.

HERNANDEZ

(reading off Computer)
And his body was never recovered.

ALMA

Thaddeus feeds on stuff like this. Destroying illusions. And the performers behind the illusion.

FULLER

(reading off Computer)
Guess where he was last night?

ALMA

(she already checked)
Row H. Seat 17.

Dylan looks at Alma, impressed.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Thaddeus isn't the only one who likes to *debunk* preconceptions.

Fair enough. Dylan's gotta give Alma credit. She may be a rookie in the field, but she's useful. As his admiration for her burgeons--

DYLAN

So where's Thaddeus now?

For that answer, we hear...

THADDEUS (PRELAP)

I'm coming to you from the scene of the crime--

INT. THEATER - MGM GRAND - NIGHT

Thaddeus stands CENTER STAGE. A CAMERA MAN and SOUND GUY recording as he talks to camera:

THADDEUS

-- but was it a crime at all? Or
simply a well orchestrated "Theater
of the Absurd"?

Dylan, Alma and Fuller enter the REAR OF THE THEATER,
distracting Thaddeus--

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

(BARKS)

CLEAR MY EYELINE--!!

Dylan flashes his badge, as they move towards Thaddeus.

DYLAN

Sorry for the interruption--

THADDEUS

-- I have permission to film in--

DYLAN

-- We're not here to check permits.

Dylan, Alma and Fuller land in front of Thaddeus. He looks
them over.

THADDEUS

Let me guess; you want me to help
you do your jobs?

DYLAN

I want your assistance in a Federal
Investigation.

THADDEUS

The Box Set comes out next month.

DYLAN

I could wait til then. But at that
point, you'll be using the fifteen
bucks I spend to fight *obstruction*
charges.

THADDEUS

A threat. How mean-spirited? And
all because--

(sing-song, taunting)

-- "I know something you don't
know..."

ALMA

What happened here last night?

Thaddeus takes a deep breath, waves away the Camera Man and Sound Guy. Then:

THADDEUS

Showmanship. And little more. The key principle to all magic is preparation. That bank was robbed well before The Four Horsemen took the stage. My estimate: they struck seventy-six hours prior. With preparations taking up the better part of the week. On the streets of Paris.

IMAGE OF: Atlas, Alex, and Merritt walking through the crowded throng on the CHAMPS ELYSEES, blending in with minimal disguises: a baseball hat, sunglasses, etc..

DYLAN (V.O.)

Their passports haven't been stamped in months.

THADDEUS (V.O.)

That's because they're not as simple minded as you are. They traveled under aliases. With forged documents.

BACK TO THE THEATER: Alma shakes her head.

ALMA

We have two dozen witnesses who put The Horsemen in Vegas over the past few weeks. While they were in rehearsal--

THADDEUS

Witnesses? That's adorable. This must be your first time in town.

ALMA

How is that relevant?

THADDEUS

Because, if you had spent more than a day on the ground, you know that a witness in Las Vegas is nothing more than brainsick tourist bloated on fried cheese and dollar beers. Dizzier than a mongoloid on a merry-go-round...

(a beat, then)

Talk to those witnesses again..

IMAGES OF: The Horsemen in various locations, seen from the POV's OF NEARBY SPECTATORS: ALEX, rehearsing the gears of a gimmick on-stage; MERRITT, walking purposefully through a casino mall; ATLAS, getting takeout at a restaurant...

THADDEUS (V.O.)

Ask them if they saw more than one of the Horsemen at a time, and if they really got a good look...

ALMA (V.O.)

You're saying one of The Horsemen stayed behind? And disguised himself as the others in Paris...

THADDEUS (V.O.)

They had a lot of ground to cover. Not the least of which was finding a patsy...

IMAGES OF: The Man From Paris walking blithely through the street in PARIS. Henley follows him from afar, snapping photos with a powerful POCKET CAMERA. She also SNAPS PHOTOS OF SEVERAL OTHER MEN SHE IS SHADOWING...

THADDEUS (V.O.)

Plenty of French tourists go to Vegas. I imagine they advertised heavily on the streets of Paris...

It's true. As Henley follows The Man From Paris onto the METRO, she passes a BILLBOARD for the FOUR HORSEMEN.

THADDEUS (V.O.)

They checked the credit card reservations from Paris. Followed those men, photographed several of them to be safe in case of a cancellation, and created make-up for each one...

PHOTOS OF FIVE FRENCH MEN, including the MAN FROM PARIS, ADORN A WALL. Below them a pair of dextrous HANDS prepares rubber molds and fake hair for disguises.

THADDEUS (V.O.)

The make-up would only need to be minimally suggestive, given the image quality of the surveillance cameras.

IMAGES OF: Merritt shooting Video of Atlas and Alex, dressed in the Red Jumpsuit and the Man From Paris' disguise. And then again and again disguised as the other French Marks.

THADDEUS (V.O.)

On the night of the robbery they repeated their act for the camera three or four times with different make-ups, and used the tape of Mr. Etienne Glickman only when they saw he was at the show...

DYLAN

How would they know what he'd be wearing on the night of the show?

THADDEUS

They couldn't, of course. Why do you think they put him in that ridiculous red jumpsuit--?

IMAGES OF: THE MAN FROM PARIS stepping into THE JUMPSUIT.

ALMA

But why even bother involving an outsider?

THADDEUS

To make it seem real. Once you suck a member of the audience into an illusion, the crowd begins to believe...

DYLAN

What about the voice match?

IMAGES OF: ATLAS standing next to THE MAN FROM PARIS at a bistro, as he orders a coffee - IN ATLAS' SHOULDER BAG is a RECORDING DEVICE.

ALMA (V.O.)

Easy. If they were tailing these guys, they could've easily recorded their voices and cut something together later.

All eyes on Alma - *smart thinking*.

THADDEUS

She's right.

(to Dylan, re: Alma)

Maybe next she can teach you how to tie your shoelaces.

Dylan frowns at Thaddeus, but continues to be impressed by Alma. And she recognizes his growing acceptance. Then:

FULLER

What I want to know is, how did they get him to vanish off the stage like that?

Dylan and Alma turn and look at Fuller with raised eyebrows.

AGENT FULLER

What?

THADDEUS

Am I here to teach you parlor tricks, or help you solve a crime?

DYLAN

Which you said happened seventy-six hours earlier. How did you come up with that number?

THADDEUS

Examine the vault. I believe you'll find traces of dioxide hydrosulfite, known colloquially in my circles as "Vanishing Juice."

(then)

When paper of a certain make is treated with it, a chemical reaction is instigated, causing complete disintegration. Accompanied by noxious fumes, exactly eighty hours later.

IMAGES OF: The FRENCH GUARDS opening the vault door, running inside, only to cough and gag at the FUMES in the air...

THADDEUS (V.O.)

They made counterfeit cash out of this paper - I'll thank you not to ask me how counterfeit cash is made. They treated it only hours before entering the vault, then switched it with the real money.

IMAGES OF: WADS OF EUROS being doused in a CHEMICAL BATH. Then, in the Vault, Atlas and the disguised MAN FROM PARIS replace the EUROS that are there with FAKE EUROS.

THADDEUS (V.O.)

There must have been a lot of Credit Lyonnais customers wondering what was happening in their wallets that morning...

IMAGES OF: FUMES POURING FROM PARISIANS' POCKETS. WALLETS SMOKING in people's hands. CASH DISSOLVING IN FRONT OF THEIR EYES...

AGENT FULLER (V.O.)
They still had to rob that bank.

BACK TO THADDEUS: He turns to Agent Fuller and sighs:

THADDEUS
Which is your area of expertise, isn't it? You are going to earn some of your meager government salary, aren't you?

DYLAN
You say the Horsemen didn't know which guy from the audience they would use until the last minute. Yet the bank's tape showed Michael Atlas and Etienne Glickman in the vault. That means someone had to be there, at the time of the performance, to put that tape in their system. Which means they had an accomplice on the inside.

ALMA
The police in Paris ran polygraphs on the bank guards. They passed with flying colors.

THADDEUS
(to Dylan)
Not bad, Mr. G-Man. I believe you to be correct. But it was not necessarily a willing accomplice. Or should I say, a *conscious* one...

IMAGE OF: THE BANK GUARD CAPTAIN receiving a phone call.
(The scene we saw earlier, right after the performance.)

GUARD CAPTAIN
<Allo? No we haven't opened yet.>
(listens)
<From Las Vegas? In America?
That's ridiculous...>

CUT TO MERRITT, on his cellphone, walking toward the ROLLS PHANTOM in the MGM GRAND PARKING AREA. He whispers a word we CANNOT HEAR.

IN THE BANK SECURITY OFFICE: The GUARD CAPTAIN, now looking somewhat dazed, hangs up the phone.

Walks to a drawer nearby, opens it, and finds a DVD-R waiting for him. He picks it up, moves to the BANK OF MONITORS, and pops out the OLD DVD-R.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Okay. Here's where I draw the line...

BACK IN THE MGM THEATER: Dylan is shaking his head...

DYLAN

-- You want me to believe that some guy could be hypnotized days in advance to respond to a code word, like something out of "*The Manchurian Candidate*?" I thought you *exposed* tricks, man.

THADDEUS

Mentalism - guessing the future and the card in your hand and all that - depends on tricks. *Hypnotism* is the real deal.

IMAGE OF: Merritt, DISGUISED AS A REPAIR-MAN, talking earnestly to the GUARD CAPTAIN OF THE BANK. Behind them we SEE ALEX HERO, slipping past unseen, sliding a DVD-R INTO A DRAWER in the back.

THADDEUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-- Practiced by an expert it's an extremely potent method of inducing its subject to action. Especially action which falls within the scope of the subject's usual patterns...

BACK TO THADDEUS: We move in his darkly intelligent eyes, his voice soft:

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

Merritt Osborne is the best there is at what he does. All four of them are. So believe me when I tell you - They are merely clearing their throats.

What a prick. But there's no denying, Thaddeus' theory is impressive. Though something doesn't sit right with Dylan:

DYLAN

You put all that together by yourself?

THADDEUS

(nods)

And to think that you're the one
who gets to wear a badge...

DYLAN

(suspicious)

Lotta work just to sell Box Sets.

THADDEUS

I take great pleasure in watching
Tall Men fall.

Dylan's distaste for Thaddeus is palpable...

DYLAN

Spoken like a man with stunted
growth.

THADDEUS

You're welcome to join the legion
of detractors who find what I do
"scornful". But make no mistake:
the people you are dealing with are
very tall. Smart enough to set a
series of events into motion so
complex that it would be impossible
to build a case around...

DYLAN

Are they smart enough to come up
with this on their own?

THADDEUS

Anything's possible. What I do
know is, they're just clearing
their throats.

(then)

Go to Atlantic City. Assuming
you're competent enough to print
out a Boarding pass...

DYLAN

(re: Alma)

She can give me a hand with that.

And this is both a retort directed at Thaddeus. And a nod to
Alma... that Dylan is now seeing her as one of his team.
They'll be seeing this out to the end together.

BACK TO THADDEUS:

THADDEUS

Good. I know I'm not going to miss it. Because whatever The Horsemen have planned for tomorrow night's show is gonna make the heartache and confusion of the past twenty-four hours seem like the good old days.

Off Thaddeus' foreboding, we GO:

EXT. ABOVE THE CLOUDS - NIGHT

A sleek PRIVATE JET soars through the SKY, followed by a LARGE CARGO PLANE...

PIERS MORGAN (PRELAP)

Tickets have just been made available and are--

INT. PRIVATE JET - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Where the Four Horsemen are assembled around a LAPTOP, broadcasting LIVE with Piers Morgan, via SKYPE. Their mood is triumphant...

PIERS MORGAN

-- being dispensed by random lottery to The Four Horsemen's rapidly increasing number of online followers. Free of charge.

Henley leans into the Camera:

ALEX

That's right. Gift to the fans.

ATLAS

From the Horsemen and our sponsor, Arthur Tressler and the good people at the Tressler Group.

Atlas rotates the computer to reveal that Tressler is also in the plane.

PIERS MORGAN

While we're on that subject,
Mr. Tressler --

ARTHUR TRESSLER

-- Enough with the Mr.
Tressler crap, for god's
sake, you've had dinner at my
house -- and maybe even a few
drinks but that's a story for
another time.

PIERS MORGAN

Okay, Arthur, I think many people
would look at you, a man who's done
it all, bought and sold every kind
of company there is, from
entertainment to an airline, who
has succeeded in life by every
possible measure, who doesn't need
to take on risky ventures. Why are
you doing this?

ARTHUR TRESSLER

(ribbing him)

Not for the reasons you do your
show, which is to stare at yourself
every night on television with your
hand down your pants.

(laughs all around)

Me, I like reflecting light. It's
real honor to be part of such an
illustrious group and give back to
people during these dire times.

PIERS MORGAN

That almost sounded sincere.

TRESSLER

(with a wink)

I've been practicing.

PIERS MORGAN

Before we go... Some call you
illusionists. But others are
labelling you criminals. How would
you categorize yourselves?

HENLEY

We're just four regular tricksters,
Piers, lucky enough to make a
living doing what we love.

PIERS MORGAN

Yet, some of you are well-known to abuse their pseudo talent to nefarious ends. Am I correct, Mr. Osborne?

MERRITT

Don't know, Piers. Why don't you ask the Mrs.? Didn't feel like our end was nefarious--

PIERS MORGAN

(losing it)

Merritt, you wanker, I'm gonna fu--

Atlas SLAMS THE LAPTOP SHUT cutting Piers Morgan in mid-sentence. He turns to the group.

ATLAS

No more press. They've served their purpose. We reconstitute. Focus on the act.

Atlas WAVES OVER the IN FLIGHT HOSTESS. To The Horsemen:

ATLAS (CONT'D)

The spotlight's only gonna get brighter after today. For as many new fans as we brought into the tent last night, you can count twice as many new enemies.

As the In Flight Hostess puts a ORNATE CHARCUTERIE PLATER in front of The Horsemen, WE FIND - in stark contrast:

INT. ECONOMY AIRLINE - COACH SECTION - NIGHT

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT presents two BAGS OF PRETZELS to Dylan and Alma, who are scrunched into their UNDERSIZED SEATS. Fuller sleeps next to them. They take their Pretzels and get back to verifying Thaddeus' theory, scouring PAPERWORK.

ALMA

Tressler's Jet flew round trip to Paris three days before the curtain went up. But the names on the Passenger List don't withstand a background check.

(looking up from
paperwork)

The scenario Thaddeus laid out is feasible.

DYLAN

Feasible. With a notable stench of self-incrimination.

ALMA

You think Thaddeus is working with The Horsemen?

DYLAN

How would he have such clarity of detail unless somehow involved...?

ALMA

Then why tell us how they did it?

DYLAN

("easy")

The Horsemen become legends. And Thaddeus gets to be the guy who tore the legend down. Everybody wins.

(after a beat)

I'll stay on him in AC. He could be the key to a conviction.

Alma is taken aback by Dylan's cynicism. Then shrugs...

ALMA

At least I've got company...

DYLAN

What?

ALMA

I thought I was the only one incapable of making a good first impression on you. Apparently, it's a trend...

DYLAN

If my old man taught me one thing, it's that everyone's got an angle--

ALMA

Sounds like he worked for the Agency...

DYLAN

("no")

Worked on the road. And decided one day to never show up back home. That was his angle. Never saw it coming...

ALMA

So no one gets the benefit of the doubt?

DYLAN

I'm just living in the real world.

ALMA

Which is a cold, dark place--?

DYLAN

("yes")
-- you should come visit sometime.
Bring an overcoat.

ALMA

Now you're insulting me personally--

DYLAN

Add another to my ever-growing list
of *rapprochements*--

ALMA

Don't speak French. You sound
gross.

(a beat, then sharp)
And don't think you're a better
agent or a better man for seeing
the world as a sinister vortex
incapable of pleasant surprises.

Alma holds up the small BAG OF PRETZELS--

ALMA (CONT'D)

Take these - You can assume the
worst about what's inside - that
they're stale and tasteless and
will make you sick. Or, you can
choose to have faith, to believe
that they are fresh and salty--

Alma OPENS the bag and eats a pretzel.

ALMA (CONT'D)

(re: the pretzels)
-- tasty and delicious.

Alma is savoring the pretzels and offers them to Dylan.
Though charmed, he is not convinced...

DYLAN

You're really liking those...?

Alma NODS.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
That's quite a magic trick.

ALMA
Everything's a magic trick. Our
entire world is an illusion. But
we take a leap of faith. That
there's something more out there...
Something better...

Dylan is taken by her, and the feeling is mutual. After a
beat, as if to break the moment--

DYLAN
I'll stay on Thaddeus in A.C.

Dylan POPS the pretzels into his mouth and we SMASH TO:

EXT. AIRPORT HANGER - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY

Through the PARTIALLY OPEN HANGER DOORS we see A HANDFUL OF
WORKERS TRANSFERRING SEVERAL DOZEN LARGE PADLOCKED CRATES
from the Cargo Plane to UNMARKED BOX TRUCKS. SUPER:

Atlantic City, New Jersey

As the Horsemen pile into a STRETCH HUMVEE, Henley addresses
the FOREMAN, handing him a few SEALED ENVELOPS. The top one
marked: TRANSPORTATION FOREMAN.

HENLEY
Get the crates in and get your men
out. Padlocks stay intact.

FOREMAN
Got it. Ya-know, you're not the
first magic act we've loaded in--

HENLEY
Maybe you haven't read the news.
But we're not just *some* magic act.
Padlocks stay intact. Am I clear?

The Foreman nods, chastened. Henley get in the Humvee and
shuts the door. As the car drives away...

FOREMAN
Clear as a jackhammer.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY

Dylan, Alma and Fuller hustle through BAGGAGE CLAIM. AS Dylan pulls his phone from his ear and hangs up--

DYLAN

They're parked at their hotel.
Fuller, work the theatre. Get it
checked and secure. We'll sit on
the Horsemen.

Fuller nods and splits off. As Dylan and Alma spill out onto the sidewalk--

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - TRUMP HOTEL - DAY

Henley barks into a phone as Alex and Merritt

are in various states of pre-show preparation. (*Atlas is not present.*)

HENLEY

So I'll say it again... no crew
backstage. And I want all the
closed circuit monitors
disconnected.

INT. PARADISE THEATER - BACKSTAGE - DAY

A STAGE MANAGER talks with Henley as Workers position the Crates and set up the Theater. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

STAGE MANAGER

That's highly irregular. How--?

The Foreman from the Hanger approaches the Stage Manager, handing him one of the sealed envelopes Henley gave him. It's marked: STAGE MANAGER. As he opens it...

HENLEY

Follow your instructions.
Implicitly. And make sure the
underworld is locked down.

Henley hangs up. Alex calls to her from the WINDOW:

ALEX

It's getting crazy out there.

Henley crosses to the window. Merritt joins. And he can't believe what he's witnessing. REVERSE POV: LOOKING OUT TROUGH THE WINDOW, TO THE PARADISE THEATER A FEW BLOCKS AWAY.

EXT. PARADISE THEATER - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY

THOUSANDS OF EXCITED FANS SWARM THE BOX OFFICE, jockeying for position on the long lines beneath a GLITTERING MARQUEE that reads: "ARTHUR TRESSLER PRESENTS: THE FOUR HORSEMEN".

FULLER (V.O.)

Six hours to show-time and the crowd is already double capacity.

Fuller moves through the madness - TICKET SCALPERS, DESPERATE EVENT STAFF trying to maintain order, and SCANTILY CLAD GROUPIES wearing FOUR HORSEMEN BABY T's - talking into his WALKIE:

FULLER

Who ever heard of hot chicks coming out for a Magic Show...???

INT. TRUMP HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Dylan and Alma push their way through the lobby, which is FLOODED WITH FANS waiting to catch a glimpse of the Horsemen. It's pandemonium. Dylan talks into his EARPIECE:

DYLAN

They knew you were gonna be in town.

FULLER

Don't I wish. What's the status on The Horsemen?

DYLAN

Tucked in on the top floor.

Dylan eyes the PRIVATE ELEVATOR designated for the PENTHOUSE.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

We got eyes on their point of egress.

Dylan and Alma settle themselves in the raised LOBBY BAR, giving them both a clear view of the entire lobby.

FULLER

And Thaddeus?

Dylan and Alma look to the RESTAURANT ACROSS THE LOBBY:

Thaddeus sits alone. In front of him is a GIANT PILE of KING CRAB LEG SHELLS - all sucked clean.

DYLAN

Making sure he gets his money's worth at the free buffet.

Thaddeus drops a tip on the table and starts for the exit.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Fuller, keep me posted once you get the backstage area checked.

As Fuller BADGES his way through the crowd and into the Theater through the STAGE DOORS.

FULLER

Copy that.

Dylan turns to Alma:

DYLAN

Wait for the Horsemen. Stick to them from the minute they leave the hotel till they get to the theater.

Alma nods. Dylan turns to Thaddeus, waits for him to exit the hotel, and FOLLOWS after him.

EXT. TRUMP HOTEL - DAY

Dylan exits the hotel. Scans the foot traffic. Spots Thaddeus further away than he expected. As he follows:

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY - STREETS - DAY

Dylan tries to close the distance between himself and Thaddeus. But it's not an easy tail - Thaddeus DUCKING IN AND OUT OF VARIOUS SHOPS and TURNING AT EVERY AVAILABLE CORNER, increasing his lead.

If Dylan is reading Thaddeus correctly... Thaddeus knows he's being followed. And he's doing a damn fine job of surreptitiously trying to shake the tail.

Dylan hurries to catch up as Thaddeus slips into the MALL:

INT. TRUMP HOTEL - LOBBY BAR - DAY

Alma is sipping at her Diet Coke when SIX BEEFY SECURITY GUARDS enter the lobby and cross towards the PENTHOUSE ELEVATOR BAY. She watches FOUR SECURITY GUARDS SECURE A PERIMETER while THE OTHER TWO BOARD THE PENTHOUSE ELEVATOR...

Unsure what to do, she whips out her CELL PHONE and dials.

INT. ATLANTIC CITY MALL - DAY

Dylan's closing the gap between himself and Thaddeus, when suddenly... DYLAN'S CELL PHONE RINGS. Loud. DYLAN SIDE-STEPS FOR COVER AS HE PULLS THE PHONE OFF HIS HIP.

DYLAN

Goddamnit! What?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

ALMA

You should get back here--

DYLAN

-- This really isn't a good time--

Dylan peers out from his cover. He took his eyes off Thaddeus for just an instant... But his face fills with concern. Thaddeus is nowhere to be seen.

ALMA

A private security detail cordoned off the elevators to the penthouse.

As Dylan hurries towards the last place he saw Thaddeus--

DYLAN

So...

ALMA

Do I leave it in place? Or--

DYLAN

Let it play out. Just keep the Horsemen in your sight when they decide to move.

Dylan clicks off the line. He's got bigger problems right now. *Like where the fuck did Thaddeus go?* Dylan looks in every direction... But Thaddeus is in the wind.

INT. TRUMP HOTEL - LOBBY BAR - DAY

Keeping her eyes fixed on the Elevator Bay, Alma doesn't notice the SWEATY BUSINESSMAN settle in next to her.

BUSINESSMAN

In town for the show? Or just here to try your luck?

Alma half turns to him:

ALMA

Little bit of both.

BUSINESSMAN

Robin Hoods, these Horsemen, am I right? Stealing from the rich. Why should those scumbags have it all? Spread the wealth, am I--

The Businessman is cut off when a TREMENDOUS ROAR floods the building as THE FOUR HORSEMEN exit the elevator. Security flanking them. As they move toward the front doors, the EXCITED CROWD OUTSIDE presses in towards them.

The Businessman turns back to Alma, but she's gone. In pursuit of the Horsemen...

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Groupies.

EXT. TRUMP HOTEL - DAY

ALMA pushes her way out into the Crowd, as Atlas, Henley, Merritt and Alex sign autographs en route to their LIMOUSINE. Media everywhere. A NEWSCASTER'S VOICE:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Whatever these maverick magicians have planned, this time it will certainly be done without the element of surprise, as banks everywhere are on high alert.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

A TOWERING BUILDING. A MAN steps into frame, a WRAPPED BOUQUET OF FLOWERS in hand. HOLD ON HIS BACK as we SUPER:

New York City - That Very Moment

The Man steps forward, crosses the street, and enters the FRONT DOORS of the massive building.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - 67TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

As the Man exits the elevator, he pulls on a pair of FLESH COLORED SECOND SKIN GLOVES. He walks toward a glass door on which a logo is printed: **KAPLAN INC.**

INT. KAPLAN INC. - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Behind a reception desk, a YOUNG TEMP watches LIVE INTERNET FOOTAGE of the Horsemen signing autographs outside the Trump Hotel as they make their way to their Limo.

The Young Temp looks up, almost surprised, as The Man enters--

YOUNG TEMP

Hello? May I help you, Mr.--?

MR. KAPLAN

Kaplan. You can call me George.

He hands the temp a single YELLOW ROSE from the bouquet. She smiles awkwardly.

YOUNG TEMP

Oh! Mr. Kaplan. Nice to finally meet you. I was starting to wonder if anyone was ever going to walk through that door.

(then)

You don't mind my asking... what is it you do here, anyway?

MR. KAPLAN

Wealth management.

(off her quizzical look)

I move money.

Mr. Kaplan starts for the door to his PRIVATE OFFICE.

MR. KAPLAN (CONT'D)

I'll be needing a few moments undisturbed, please.

YOUNG TEMP

Of course, Mr. Kaplan.

The Young Temp keeps her eyes fixed on Mr. Kaplan as he slips into his office closing the FROSTED GLASS DOOR behind him. Through the glass, the Young Temp can make out the shape of Mr. Kaplan hanging his coat on the back of the door.

The Young Temp turns back to her BLACKBERRY. But then the sound of a COMPUTER KEYBOARD CLICKING draws her attention back towards Mr. Kaplan's office door.

The CAMERA PUSHES TOWARDS it... PASSING THROUGH IT...

INT. KAPLAN INC. - MR. KAPLAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

A spacious CORNER OFFICE. A SINGLE DESK with a COMPUTER. The KEYBOARD CLACKS AWAY THOUGH NO ONE IS TYPING ON IT. In fact, no one is in the room we just saw Mr. Kaplan walk into.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - 67TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Kaplan strides away from his office, slipping through a door marked: STAIRWELL.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - 85TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Kaplan comes out of the stairwell. He walks past the doors to the Tressler Group. [The two offices are in the same building.] He stops in front of an UNMARKED DOOR and swipes the ELECTRONIC LOCK with an ACCESS CARD--

INT. THE TRESSLER GROUP - MAIL ROOM - DAY

Mr. Kaplan enters and sets the BOUQUET OF FLOWERS down on a counter. He then picks up A WALL MOUNTED PHONE and dials--

INT. THE TRESSLER GROUP - ASSISTANT'S DESK - DAY

Julie sees the MAIL ROOM EXTENSION light up on her phone. She answers. Mr. Kaplan changes his voice a third time. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

JULIE

Arthur Tressler's office.

MR. KAPLAN

There's a flower delivery waiting for you in the mail room, Julie.

JULIE

(pleasantly surprised)

For me? I'll be right back to grab them.

Mr. Kaplan hangs up and heads into--

INT. THE TRESSLER GROUP - HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Kaplan walks down the hall, casually passing Julie as she heads for the Mail Room. Mr. Kaplan then slips past Julie's empty desk and into--

INT. THE TRESSLER GROUP - ARTHUR TRESSLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Kaplan works quickly - SECURING A MATCHBOX-SIZED TRANSMITTER TO THE COMPUTER TOWER'S WIRES. The Transmitter's INDICATOR LIGHT flashes from RED to GREEN.

Mr. Kaplan starts out, but stops when he sees A POSTER FOR THE HORSEMEN'S SHOW leaning against the wall. *Mr. Kaplan, knows he's short on time, but he can't help himself. He* grabs a pen off the desk and scribbles on the poster...

And it's only after he exits the office do we see what it says... *"FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE GIVEN US!"* As we PUSH IN ON THE POSTER - on the faces of the Horsemen - we REVEAL we are looking at a poster in...

INT. PARADISE THEATER - LOBBY - ATLANTIC CITY - EVENING

PULL AWAY TO FIND: The CROWD filing in. They are subjected to METAL-DETECTOR and BAG SEARCHES at the doors to the Theater. THADDEUS BRADLEY allows himself to be searched, then strolls in to find his seat. RACK FOCUS TO:

Alma, eyes on Thaddeus, turns to find Dylan approaching--

ALMA

The Horsemen holed up backstage as soon as they arrived. You get anything from Thaddeus...?

DYLAN

I lost him at the mall. Picked him up again outside the theater ten minutes ago.

ALMA

So he could have been anywhere?

Dylan nods, distraught. *He knows he fucked up.* To cover, he keys his Earpiece:

DYLAN

Fuller, how're your teams doing backstage?

EXT. PARADISE THEATER - BACK ALLEY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Fuller speaks into his Walkie as he exits the building:

FULLER

In position.

EXT. HELIPAD - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

A HELICOPTER TOUCHES DOWN. Mr. Kaplan heads away on foot--

INT. PARADISE THEATER - LOBBY - NIGHT

STAND-BY TICKET HOLDERS are being herded in by USHERS who are doing their best to keep order:

USHERS
Stand-by tickets... Stand-by ticket
holders only.

Dylan BADGES the Usher and leads Alma into the theater. Behind them, filing in unnoticed is Mr. Kaplan - or at least he's unnoticed by Dylan and Alma. But as he saunters in, the CAMERA LINGERS ON--

Thaddeus, sitting in a corner seat. As Mr. Kaplan passes him, Thaddeus allows himself a slight smile, which drops as he sees:

ARTHUR TRESSLER enters the theater. He immediately clocks Thaddeus in the corner, moves toward him...

ARTHUR TRESSLER
 Wanted to ask you a question, you being a professional skeptic -- you find it fulfilling, telling all the little boys and girl's that there's no Easter bunny?

THADDEUS
 (putting finger to his lips)
 Shhh... Be vewy, vewy quiet. I'm hunting wabbit.
 (beat)
 And I'm getting close.

Beat. Both men savoring the site of the finish line in their race.

ARTHUR TRESSLER
 If you're getting close, why are you in the back of the theater in the cheap seats?

INT. PARADISE THEATER - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

DOLLY BEHIND Mr. Kaplan as he hurries through the narrow corridors. He reaches up, pulling at his lip.

And though we are behind him, we see Mr. Kaplan is taking off pieces of his face - strips of latex skin, mustache, glasses. Before we can see who is underneath, we GO TO:

INT. PARADISE THEATER - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

A DECK OF CARDS LEAP FROM ONE HAND TO THE OTHER. PULL OUT TO FIND: Alex, warms up his digits. Merritt drains the last of the mini-bar bottles. Henley PACES, checking her watch...

ALEX

(Re: Merritt's drinking)
Easy there, tiger.

MERRITT

Fuel for concentration. Besides, I need something to numb the pain from your pre-teen groupies shrieks. Harpies...

ALEX

You miss another cue, Michael will gut you.

MERRITT

I'd like to see that-

HENLEY

Three minutes to curtain. Where the hell's Atlas?

ALEX

If Michael says he'll be back in time, he'll be back in time--

HENLEY

It's a power move. Textbook narcissist behavior--

ALEX

Watch it!! You don't know him--

HENLEY

Newsflash, squirt - just because Atlas changes your diapers, it doesn't mean you're the only girl he's seen naked.

Merritt turns, stunned and amused--

MERRITT

WHOA! Now it all makes sense.

HENLEY

(defensive)

It was years ago-- And I'm the one who called it off...

MERRITT

... Let me guess: Because you walked in on him knocking the nickels out of a busty Showgirl?

HENLEY

More like: he walked in on me and his Tour Manager.

ALEX

(still catching up)

Wait. Michael's seen you naked?

Just then, the door swings open and Atlas enters, peeling off the last of his Mr. Kaplan make-up.

ATLAS

We ready?

Henley isn't letting him off the hook.

HENLEY

Where were you?

ATLAS

("you don't need to know")

Making preparations.

HENLEY

Wanna be more specific? Or are you just having too much fun letting us know who's in charge?

MERRITT

Play fair, Henley. Not even Atlas knows who's really in charge.

An odd sentiment. But clearly a reality. As the focus shifts back to:

ATLAS

Alright, kids. We ready to hit our marks tonight...?

Despite the underlying tensions, the Horsemen seem to have no choice but to stay unified. As MUSIC RISES, we SMASH TO:

INT. PARADISE THEATER - NIGHT

Buzzing with anticipation, the AUDIENCE settles into their seats. The USHERS close the doors. Fuller hustles over to Dylan and Alma, who are at the BACK OF THE THEATER.

FULLER

We got bounced from backstage.

DYLAN

What?

Fuller holds out LEGAL PAPERS. Alma takes them.

FULLER

Court order. Stipulating protection of--

ALMA

-- industry secrets.
(conceding)
They're definitely thorough.

Dylan's wheels are turning...

DYLAN

Alright. They don't want us in.
We'll make sure they can't get out.
(to Fuller)
Move your teams to every possible exit. And I mean every last one.
Down to the porthole windows in the John. Anything suspect happens tonight, we lock the doors.

FULLER

On it.

Fuller heads away, dispatching orders into his earpiece.
Dylan looks at his watch. Alma stares at him.

ALMA

Admit it.

DYLAN

Admit what?

ALMA

Part of you wants to see what these guys are going try to pull off...

Dylan thinks about it for a beat... Then:

DYLAN

(shrugs)

You're not gonna offer me a bag of
pretzels, are you...?

Alma grins. Then, THE LIGHTS BLACKOUT. Suddenly, a
SPECTACULAR LIGHT SHOW splits the darkness - ACCOMPANIED BY
HEAVY METAL ROCK AND ROLL. The FOUR HORSEMEN appear on
stage. THE AUDIENCE GOES BERSERK.

ANGLE ON: Thaddeus, wincing at the music and the cheers. He
wads up some toilet paper and sticks it into his ears.

Atlas steps to the stage's foot, quieting the Crowd:

ATLAS

Audiences for magic are a tricky
bunch. Some are happy to suspend
their disbelief. Others are
constantly looking for the rabbit
under the hat, the trap door, the
trick wire--

MERRITT

You know who you are...

The Audience laughs. Merritt drinks in the approval. Atlas
presses on--

ATLAS

As you all know, tonight is the
second of our three shows, and
we're lucky to have some special
guests with us.

Henley steps up, she's not going to let Atlas hold center
stage all for himself--

HENLEY

Stuffing toilet paper in his ears,
is none other than Thaddeus
Bradley. He'll be happy to tell
you how he thinks we pulled off
tonight's show--

And now Alex gets into the action--

ALEX

If you can find his DVD's buried in
the back of the discount rack at
your local video store.

BOOS mixed with CHEERS. Thaddeus gives a wave. Atlas
attempts to regain control of the stage:

ATLAS

We also have a contingent from the
FBI with us.

The SPOTLIGHT finds Dylan and Alma. Dylan doesn't like the
attention...

HENLEY

(re: Alma)
And a visitor from French Interpol.

MERRITT

They want to learn our secrets...

ALEX

They want to try and get one step
ahead of the Horsemen...

ATLAS

But they will fail. Because
tonight...

It's a direct challenge to Dylan.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

The Four Horsemen ride!

The Audience ROARS in approval. Dylan's jaw tightens.

And we go into a MONTAGE of the show [and while we see
glimpses of the stage magic, THE PERSPECTIVE IS MORE FOCUSED
ON THE SPECTATORS - their sense of delight and awe]:

-- HENLEY "flies" above the audience, sailing over their
UPTURNED, MESMERIZED FACES.

-- MERRITT plays puppeteer as an OBESE MAN walks across the
stage on his hands, fit as a gymnast. THE AUDIENCE HOWLS!

-- ATLAS moves in front of a display of mirrors with a half
dozen audience members - their reflections behaving
differently than their real-life counterparts on stage. THE
CROWD LOOKS ON, SLACK JAWED.

-- ALEX HERO offers the WIDE-EYED AUDIENCE high-tech sleight
of hand, making things appear and disappear on the STAGE'S
GIANT VIDEO SCREENS...

Suddenly. The Theater is PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS. OVER BLACK:

ATLAS (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, we're glad to
have been able to take your mind
off your troubles with our
divertissements...

THE LIGHTS COME BACK UP illuminating Atlas, in his T-shirt
and jeans, on the now bare stage.

ATLAS
But we can't leave this stage in
good conscience without
acknowledging that we are living in
troubled times...

The Audience CHEERS at the sound of these words. This is the
moment they have been waiting for.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Our final number is called: "*The
Case of the Vanishing Money*".

MERRITT
Prosaic... But accurate.

Atlas takes the barb in stride...

ATLAS
And since this is the only act of
interest to our law enforcement
friends... I'd like to invite them
to the stage to lend a hand.

The Spotlight again finds Dylan and Alma. Dylan's eyes laser
into Atlas...

ATLAS (CONT'D)
You let us into your home. Come
visit us in ours...

The Crowd beckons them to the stage. Dylan doesn't move a
muscle. The crowd grows restless. And relentless. Alma
breaks the tension. She starts moving towards the stage.

DYLAN
What are you doing?

ALMA
Getting a better seat.

The crowd CHEERS as Alma makes her way to the stage. Dylan
looks on, wary.

Atlas takes Alma's hand, helps her up ONTO THE STAGE:

ATLAS

A round of applause for Agent Alma-from-Interpol!

(then, to Alma)

This may sound quite forward... but you have the most stunning eyes.

Despite herself, Alma is charmed by Atlas...

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to need you to use those eyes to watch us carefully. Because at just the right moment... It'll be your job to press the button.

Alma looks around. The Stage is bare...

ALMA

What button?

ATLAS

The Big Red Button. The one you brought with you. In your pocket perhaps...?

Alma's taken aback. *Did Atlas slip something in her pocket?* Alma checks... but there's nothing there. Atlas looks confused for a moment (*all for show*)...

ATLAS (CONT'D)

No? Nothing in there? Perhaps that button's not in your pocket because you forgot to move it out from under your hair...

Atlas crosses to Alma and reaches his hand behind her ear. As he does, Atlas' fingertips caress Alma's neck - sending a tingle through her. Their eyes hold one another - an electric moment that's punctuated by a FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER AUDIBLY SWOONING.

The Audience GIGGLES, they felt it too.

Dylan doesn't enjoy watching what Atlas is doing to Alma.

ON THE STAGE: Atlas pulls his hand away from Alma's hair, making a PAPERBACK-SIZED-RED-BUTTON appear. He presses it, causing it to BZZZZZZZ. He turns to Alma:

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Hold on to this. But don't press it too early or everything will fall off the rails.

Atlas' eyes again meet with Alma's... But this time the tension is broken right away by Henley. To the audience:

HENLEY

Now I think is a good time to say
say hello to a man you all know,
our friend, our partner, our
benefactor, our *consigliere*, even
better looking live than he is on
TV, the president of the Tressler
Group. Mr. Arthur Tressler! Where
are you, Arthur?

Tressler throws Henley an appreciative nod as he stands,
waving to the crowd. Alex addresses the audience:

ALEX

Your tickets were free tonight
because he footed the bill for you
all.

As the audience applauds, Atlas gets things back on track.

ATLAS

Yes. Thank you, Arthur.

Tressler starts to settle down, UNTIL:

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Don't sit down just yet. I know
you like to be more behind the
scenes, but maybe you can help us
out tonight.

Tressler nods, ready to play along.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

How many of you out there have your
ATM cards with you?

(hands go up)

How many of you know your account
balances?

(many hands stay up)

Arthur, would you be so good as to
pick a volunteer from our audience?

Arthur Tressler points at an AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN.

MERRITT

Arthur has an eye for talent.

ATLAS

What's your name, ma'am?

AFRICAN-AMERICAN WOMAN

Gloria.

ATLAS

Lovely name for a lovely lady.
Bring Gloria on up, Arthur.

Tressler escorts Gloria up to the stage.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Don't go anywhere, Arthur.
(beat; To Gloris)
How about that bank card?

Gloria moves to hand it to Atlas--

ATLAS (CONT'D)

No, you hold on to that, Gloria.
You know how much you have in your
account?

GLORIA

Unfortunately I do. It's only--

ATLAS

Hold on to that also, Gloria.
Because, we're going to bring out
our own specially designed ATM
machine...

Henley wheels out an OLD FASHIONED BLACKBOARD with a squeaky
wheel. Atlas looks at Henley sideways.

HENLEY

Cutbacks.

The audience LAUGHS.

ATLAS

Alright then. I guess I'm gonna
need extra help with this one.

As Merritt strolls over to the blackboard.

ALEX

Remember, we didn't pick Gloria.
Mr. Tressler did. Right, Mr.
Tressler?

ARTHUR TRESSLER

Absolutely. My choice.

Merritt winks to the other Horsemen before turning to:

MERRITT

Gloria, I want you to think of your password.

Gloria concentrates. Merritt takes out a piece of CHALK and scribbles on the reverse-side of the blackboard. He then flips the blackboard over. Written on it is: "SNUFFLES".

Gloria's eyes widen:

GLORIA

Ohmygod! That's it!

MERRITT

Now concentrate on your account balance...

Merritt scribbles on the other side. Flips the board over. It shows: \$19.46. Gloria nods, a touch embarrassed...

GLORIA

I think that's about right.

HENLEY

(winces)

A modest sum. But nothing to be embarrassed about, right Arthur?

ARTHUR TRESSLER

Not at all.

ATLAS

Would you like to hold up your ATM card for us, Arthur?

ARTHUR TRESSLER

Sure.

ATLAS

Merritt, what is Mr. Tressler's password?

Merritt scribbles on the back of the blackboard. Flips it over to reveal the words: **Greed is Good.**

The Crowd ERUPTS IN LAUGHTER.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

That's a long password!

Tressler takes it like a champ, his smile never fading. Atlas turns to Merritt again:

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Care to guess how much you have or
can you even count that high?

ARTHUR TRESSLER

I'm sure you'll tell me.

Merritt scribbles on the board, flips it over: **\$258,800,045**.
The crowd gasps. Atlas smiles at Tressler:

IN THE AUDIENCE: Thaddeus leans forward in his chair.

Dylan drinks in the scene - whatever they thought might
happen... it's happening.

ATLAS

Wow! You've done more than
alright!

Tressler shifts on his feet, starting to chafe. The mood on
the stage shifting almost imperceptibly.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Mr. Tressler, can you spare any
change?

Laughs as Merritt erases **\$800,000** from Tressler's account on
the board. He flips the board around. It shows that
GLORIA'S ACCOUNT is now showing **\$800,019.50**. The crowd
laughs... But:

MERRITT

Not impressed...? Just numbers on
a blackboard? Or are they--?

ATLAS

Arthur, would you care to check
your bank balance?

Tressler presses a few keys on his BLACKBERRY. Suddenly,
SCREENS ALL AROUND THE STAGE COME TO LIFE replicating the
IMAGE ON TRESSLER'S BLACKBERRY. His account shows
\$258,000,045 - EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS ARE MISSING.

While Tressler still plays along, you can start to see a
dawning recognition behind his eyes that something's wrong.

ALEX

Tired of magic already?

ATLAS
(to the audience)
Folks, due to circumstances beyond
our control, we will NOT be raining
money down on you all tonight.

The Crowd SIGHS... Thaddeus chuckles. Dylan braces.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
You, see, we cheated tonight. You
were supposed to be chosen at
random, but you weren't. You were
chosen because you are all
customers of companies Arthur
Tressler purchased. Insurance
companies to be exact, Arthur
Tressler likes to buy them at
companies at discounted prices, and
then make their assets...
disappear.

ALEX
You thought you were in good
hands... We're here to tell you:
you're not.

The rage now finally hits Tressler's throat.

MERRITT
You need a payout from this guy's
insurance company, he won't send
it. Because he moved it to his
personal accounts.

ANGLE ON: Distraught Audience Members.

HENLEY
He robbed every last one of you.

ATLAS
But fear not. Tonight this theater
is a house of "making things
right"... So if each of you would
text "GREED" to 8334, we'll get the
money you're owed to you right
away.

HIGH ANGLE: OVER THE AUDIENCE: As the phones are turned on
and TEXTS SENT, the darkness is illuminated by the blue
screens. Like the sky being filled with a thousand stars.

ON STAGE: The Screens begin listing THE NAMES OF AUDIENCE
MEMBERS THAT TEXTED IN. Beside the names, BANK BALANCES
appear...

And then suddenly the AUDIENCE BALANCES BEGIN TO GROW - EACH BY TENS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. ALL WHILE THE SCREEN THAT HOLDS TRESSLER'S ACCOUNT SHOWS HIS BALANCE STEADILY DIMINISHING.

IT'S A WHIRLWIND OF ECSTATIC ENERGY:

-- CHEERS OF JUBILATION RISE as the Audience react to their NEWFOUND WEALTH.

-- Thaddeus shakes his head, even he's impressed.

-- Dylan tenses.

-- Tressler LOCKS EYES WITH ATLAS -- studying him as much as hating him --

And that's when, through the chaos, Atlas turns to Alma and very softly, simply, says:

ATLAS (CONT'D)

That's your cue.

Still stunned by everything that's going on around her, Alma presses the Red Button almost without thinking. BZZZZZ!

THE STAGE LIGHTS SPARK OUT, leaving the theatre plunged in darkness for a split second before the EMERGENCY LIGHTS come up. But in that second, THE HORSEMEN HAVE DISAPPEARED.

The rollicking Audience APPLAUD. Cheering for more...

But Dylan knows: THE HORSEMEN AREN'T COMING BACK. He keys his Earpiece as he charges for the stage:

DYLAN

Fuller. Move in and lock it down.

I repeat. LOCK. IT. DOWN.

Dylan hurtles himself on the stage. Goes straight for Alma--

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Where did they go? Which way?

Alma's flustered.

ALMA

I-- I don't know. They just disappeared.

Dylan heads for the STAGE'S WING. Alma follows.

INT. PARADISE THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Fuller and a DOZEN FBI AGENTS meet up with Dylan and Alma.

FULLER
Perimeter's tight.

But Dylan's not convinced. Adrenalin pumping:

DYLAN
They must know another way.
Something we overlooked...
(barking orders)
Three man sweeps--
(pointing to various
passageways backstage)
There. There. There. Let's go.
Move--!

Dylan un-holsters his NINE as he leads the search. The teams breaking off in different directions. Moving fast--

INT. PARADISE THEATER - PASSAGEWAY UNDER THE STAGE - NIGHT

The Horsemen hustle, single file, through a TIGHT corridor--

ALEX
You see the look on Tressler's
face?

HENLEY
Serves him right.

ALEX
Outstanding show!

ATLAS
The curtain's not down yet.

Atlas stops. Pops an ALMOST INVISIBLE HATCH in the floor. A long ladder leads down. They begin their descent--

INT. PARADISE THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

TENSE AND FRENETIC: Dylan, Alma and Fuller move through SCENERY, PROPS AND ILLUSIONS searching for the Horsemen. In the background we can hear FBI Agents "clearing" corners--

Dylan sees STAIRS LEADING BELOW THE STAGE marked: UNDERWORLD. Dylan barrels down. Two, three at a time. Alma, Fuller and TWO AGENTS follow...

INT. PARADISE THEATER - PASSAGEWAY UNDER THE STAGE - NIGHT

Dylan, Alma, Fuller and the Agents race through the passage way. They almost run past the closed hatch the Horsemen disappeared through, but Dylan stops them.

DYLAN
(he points to the floor)
Here. Look.

A thin SLIVER OF LIGHT winks through the HATCH'S EDGE--

INT. SERVICE TUNNELS UNDER THE BUILDING - NIGHT

The bottom of the ladder: Dylan, Alma, Fuller and the Agents survey a MAZE OF TENEBROUS CORRIDORS. *The Horsemen could be anywhere--?* Then, a NOISE. They fall out:

DYLAN
Stay together--

What follows is A FAST-PACED GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE: LONG SHADOWS and WINDING PASSAGEWAYS with MANY FORKS IN THE ROAD.

-- Dylan pushing forward headlong. He can feel he's closing in on them. Fuller and Alma keeping pace--

-- The Horsemen pick up the pace. The footsteps of the FBI growing louder behind them--

-- Then, an INTERSECTION leading in SEVERAL DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS - Dylan, et al spill into it...

Dylan sniffs the air (metaphorically) and leads the charge to the right. Alma's the last to follow, but she senses something to the left. She considers... No time to tell the team - they're already steps ahead of her. Alma darts to the left.

-- The Horsemen arrive at a STEEL DOOR. Henley pushes it open. The RUSTED HINGES CRY OUT--

-- Dylan hears it. Knows instantly that it's coming from a different tunnel--

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Double back. Double back--

As the team turns around, Dylan realizes--

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 Where's Agent Gerard?
 (he keys his earpiece)
 Alma...? Check in... Alma...?

Only STATIC. The signal's no good underground.

-- Alma rounds a corner to FIND: Merritt heading through the Steel Door, Henley and Alex already gone. Atlas is alone in the corridor. Alma draws her BERETTA--

ALMA
 Hold it!

Atlas turns to her. Eyes locking. It's a drawn out beat... neither saying a word. Alma's finger lingers on the trigger.

From behind her, Alma hears Dylan and the team closing in on them. Only seconds now before they arrive--

Atlas studies her, a small smile creeping across his face. Then, Alma does the unthinkable... SHE LOWERS HER WEAPON.

Atlas slips through the Steel Door. Sealing it behind himself just as:

Dylan and the team spill onto the scene.

ALMA (CONT'D)
 They're gone.

Dylan tugs at the Steel Door, but it's no use - locked from the other side. He turns back to Alma, breathless--

DYLAN
 You saw them exit?

ALMA
 Yes--

DYLAN
 -- And you didn't stop them?

ALMA
 (a bit ashamed)
 I... I couldn't.

Dylan's gaze lingers on Alma, *something's not feeling right.*

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 -- The Horsemen have catapulted to folk hero status as they continue leaving law enforcement officers flailing in their wake--

TELEVISED IMAGES SHOW: Tressler hiding his face from CAMERA FLASHES as he moves towards his LIMO. THE CROWD shouting obscenities at him and holding up "FOUR HORSEMEN" banners:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

-- have been catapulted from an entertainment story to a full blown national headline when their stage show turned out to be a sting connecting their benefactor, entrepreneur Arthur Tressler with insurance fraud and embezzlement.

Coverage switches -- camera follows Arthur Tressler as he walks beside his lawyer, heading toward a waiting car.

ARTHUR TRESSLER

I had no idea when I began this endeavor that I was going into business with a group of unethical con men, and I think their allegations will prove to be nothing more than smoke and mirrors. Literally.

PULL BACK FROM THE TV TO REVEAL WE ARE:

INT. FBI MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A BANK of Monitors. On one of them, Dylan VIDEO CONFERENCES with Hernandez:

DYLAN

... An old sewer service door.
Rigged to lock from the outside.

HERNANDEZ

That's past tense, Dylan. And the only thing about the past that's of interest to me: A million and a half Euro vanish from a Paris Bank yesterday. Today these guys orchestrate almost two hundred and fifty million in wire transfers. Maybe you're not seeing the pattern.

DYLAN

(nodding)

The thefts grow larger with each show--

HERNANDEZ

-- And there's one show left. So tell me you have a substantive lead...

DYLAN

("no")

We put out alerts to all the transportation hubs. We'll catch up with them.

HERNANDEZ

We better. I don't like not knowing where these guys are. Or where they're going to strike next.

Hernandez's screen goes BLACK. Dylan takes a deep breath. *This case is getting the better of him.* His head is hanging low when Alma approaches, CELL PHONE in hand:

ALMA

Fuller's got something in NY. Kaplan Inc.--

Dylan keys the PHONE'S SPEAKER. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

FULLER (V.O.)

It's a dummy corp that's been leasing space in the the Tressler Group building for months.

INT. KAPLAN INC. OFFICES - NIGHT

Fuller talks while FBI AGENTS work the scene. Dusting for fingerprints, and collecting evidence...

FULLER

Only temps on the job, though. Never for more than three days at a time. None of whom ever saw anyone who worked at the company. Until earlier tonight--

Fuller looks over to the Young Temp, who's working with a SKETCH ARTIST to put a face to the mysterious Mr. Kaplan.

FULLER (CONT'D)

-- A Mr. George Kaplan finally put in an appearance. The Temp swears he went into his office and never came out. The sound of him typing went on until she left a few hours later. But--

Fuller walks to a door hidden behind a HINGED BOOKCASE.

FULLER (CONT'D)

-- We found a hidden passage. So he could have been gone as quickly as he came. And here's the gong--

Fuller holds up an EVIDENCE BAG with the Transmitter.

FULLER (CONT'D)

-- This remote transmitter was fixed to Tressler's personal computer upstairs--

DYLAN

-- And a matching component on Kaplan's, no doubt.

Fuller checks the Transmitter in the Evidence Bag to the one on the back of Kaplan's computer. It's a match.

FULLER

No doubt. Providing full access to all of Tressler's personal banking information.

DYLAN

But there's no way they did the wire transfers to the audience from there. Too risky.

FULLER

(re: Kaplan's office)
You think they used this office here as only a relay point. That Tressler's information was sent off site?

DYLAN

I do. Get the boys in Tech to trace the signal. If we can pinpoint where the data was transmitted to...

FULLER

... It could prove the Horsemen have someone working with them.

DYLAN

And who that person is.

Dylan clicks off the line.

ALMA
Progress?

DYLAN
Baby steps. Do we have Thaddeus?

ALMA
Standing by at the theater. It
took forty minutes after the show
to track him down.

DYLAN
What are you saying?

ALMA
That his time today has been
suspiciously unaccounted for.

DYLAN
You're starting to catch on...

Dylan heads for the door, but Alma stops him...

ALMA
(in turmoil)
Dylan. About back there...

She's referring to the aftermath of the second show... When
The Horsemen escaped from her grasp...

DYLAN
From now on, just stay close by--

Dylan is growing suspect... How could she let them get away.
He BRUSHES HER OFF. As Dylan exits, as if giving voice to
his suspicions, we HEAR:

THADDEUS (PRELAP)
Her story is deeply flawed...

INT. PARADISE THEATER - ATLANTIC CITY - DAY

We find Dylan and Alma with Thaddeus, who sits on the edge of
the stage in the empty Theater.

ALMA
(defensive)
I'm telling you what I saw. Atlas
was with the Horsemen when they
left the hotel.

THADDEUS

Michael Atlas wasn't in Atlantic City until only minutes before the show. You saw someone *disguised* as Michael Atlas, while Atlas himself was off doing the Horsemen's dirty work.

DYLAN

In New York.

THADDEUS

If you say so.

(then)

As for their performance - from a magic standpoint - was a tad underwhelming, you ask me. But acceptable for a Mezzo.

DYLAN

A what?

THADDEUS

A "Mezzo". Designed to get the audience on their side. All while laying the groundwork for a grand finale. That's what you should be concerned about.

DYLAN

(putting it together)

So if Atlas disguised himself as George Kaplan--

THADDEUS

(amused)

-- That's what he called himself?

DYLAN

So?

THADDEUS

Using the name George Kaplan is clearly a dig at me. For my well documented, if somewhat banal fascination with Cary Grant.

ALMA

I don't get the reference.

THADDEUS

Look it up.

DYLAN

Would they really be in the mind-set of taking a dig at you--?

THADDEUS

As opposed to?

ALMA

Maybe you picked the name. Because you're such a big fan--

THADDEUS

(thrown)

Are you suggesting--?

(it dawns)

So that's why you had a shadow on me all day.

(then, to Dylan)

Whoever it was, he was good. It took me *two whole minutes* to realize I was being followed...

ALMA

Someone is helping them. Your own evidence suggests as much.

THADDEUS

There well may be. And if that someone is taking a shot at me, it's likely they're associated with "The Eye". An organization which considers me a sworn enemy. A notion that often gives me pause.

ALMA

What's "The Eye"?

THADDEUS

A secret order of magicians. Dating as far back as ancient Mesopotamia--

DYLAN

Mesopotamia--?

THADDEUS

Don't scoff simply because this is beyond the immediate scope of your intellect.

(a beat)

Those who consider The Eye nothing more than legend are fools. It's a powerful order of conjurers, illusionists and enchanters.

(MORE)

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

A select few who have been touched
with the true gift of magic.

ALMA

You're talking about the occult...

THADDEUS

Call it what you will. Their reach
is global. Their influence
profound. For thousands of years
The Eye have tasked themselves with
upholding the secrets of their
craft. And protecting the
membership. Delivering their own
brand of justice when wronged. And
with a furious hand, I might add.

DYLAN

How do we find them?

THADDEUS

You don't. You can't. These men
and women were recruited in
childhood. Their identities
protected. Once their skills are
assessed, they're given a mission.
A mission that may require a day's
work, or year's...

DYLAN

... Not unlike what The Four
Horsemen are up to.

THADDEUS

Or put up to. The Order of the Eye
works in the shadows. Pulling the
strings without ever exposing
themselves. They may come to you
as a teacher perhaps. Or a
politician. Law enforcement.
Maybe the woman striking up a
conversation with you on line at
Starbucks. You'll never know...

Dylan looks to Alma, his questions about her motives brewing.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

... They can enter your life under
the most innocent of pretexts...
And take control of your destiny
while you're not looking--

HOLD ON: Dylan, watching Alma, wheels rapidly turning...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

Dylan tosses his BADGE and HOLSTERED GUN down on the bed before pulling out his Cell Phone and dialing...

INT. INTERPOL OFFICE - PARIS, FRANCE - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST answers. IN FRENCH, SUBTITLED:

RECEPTIONIST
<Interpol. How may I direct your call?>

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

DYLAN
This is Agent Dylan Hobbes. U.S.
Federal Bureau of Investigations.
Can you connect me to Agent Daniel
Moreau?

RECEPTIONIST
(accented English)
Agent Moreau is on leave. A family
matter. His mother fell ill.

Dylan ponders. Alma's story is legit. So far...

DYLAN
Will you please have him call me
when he checks in? He has my
number.

Dylan pulls the phone from his ear and hangs up. And as he stares at his reflection in the MIRROR, his many questions unanswered...

MERRITT (PRELAP)
I have a bad feeling about this...

INT. TENEMENT BASEMENT - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

The Four Horsemen are holed up in this DILAPIDATED SAFE HOUSE. It's a far cry from a Penthouse suite. The mood is tense as Alex reads from his LAPTOP.

ALEX
The FBI issued an APB for the Tri-
State Area--

HENLEY

Christ, we're trapped in this shit-hole. What are we doing, Michael?

ATLAS

Following instructions.

MERRITT

(re: the Tenement)

Or, being fattened up for the kill--

ATLAS

Nobody said fame was all Bottle Service and warm nuts--

ALEX

But how do we ever go back to things being *normal*--?

ATLAS

We weren't promised normal. We were promised something much... bigger--

-- There's no reason to believe that the agreement won't be honored. So long as we see this through to the end--

HENLEY

-- Not that anyone should bother asking what that means. You'll just get back some half-answer--

HENLEY

Then how does it end?

ATLAS

With one more show.

HENLEY

Where? *When*--?

But Atlas can't, and his own frustration is starting to show.

ATLAS

I'm waiting for the call.

HENLEY

And when it doesn't come? What then, Daddy Ace?

ATLAS

It'll come.

But it's clear from Atlas' tone that despite his efforts to galvanize the Horsemen, he is starting to doubt the efficacy of his conviction. Then, as if giving voice to his dubiety:

MERRITT

You're a nice enough fellow,
Michael. And we had some good
times in the saloon. Which is why
I let you talk me into this. But
even I can sober up enough to see
where this is heading...

(steps in, strong)

... I can't go back to jail. I
won't go back.

Just then, Atlas' Cell Phone BUZZES--

HENLEY

Is that--??

Atlas checks the number. It's the call they're waiting for.

ATLAS

(nods)

-- Our next move.

As Atlas flips open his cellphone, we HEAR:

ALMA (PRELAP)

North by Northwest.

INT. MOTEL BAR - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

Dylan sits alone at the bar, nursing a BEER. Alma slides in next to him...

DYLAN

Huh?

ALMA

In the Hitchcock film North by
Northwest, "George Kaplan" is the
name of the man Cary Grant is
mistaken for when he's kidnapped.

(to the Bartender)

Bourbon. Neat.

DYLAN

Good work, Agent Gerard. Now can
you name the salon Warren Beatty
cut hair at in "Shampoo"?

ALMA

Thaddeus told me to look it up. So I did. Got me thinking... About where this all started. Know what else I learned? Roger Thornhill is the real name of Cary Grant's character in that film.

The Bartender hands Alma her BOURBON. She takes a sip and --

ALMA (CONT'D)

Credit Lyonnais has an account registered under the name Roger Thornhill. Though there's not a single Roger Thornhill living within three hundred miles of Paris. And--

Alma holds up her hand to stifle Dylan's next question--

ALMA (CONT'D)

-- Roger Thornhill has a secure Safety Deposit Box at the branch the Horsemen robbed.

Dylan sees where Alma is going with this--

DYLAN

So Atlas could have planted something inside the box--?

ALMA

("that's right")
-- Even a Magician needs to hide his secrets somewhere.

DYLAN

(energized, but)
It'll take weeks to get a search order--

ALMA

-- Not if you have friends in Paris.

Alma is buoyed. She broke a lead.

ALMA (CONT'D)

We'll have a report in the morning.

DYLAN

I'll drink to that.

Dylan gestures to the Bartender for a refill.

ALMA
I'm buying.

DYLAN
I got it.

ALMA
It's the least I can do.
Considering...

Alma pauses, still overcome with the guilt of letting the Horsemen get away...

DYLAN
You gotta let that go.

ALMA
... I should have stopped Atlas.
And I didn't. I thought I'd have
no problem pulling the trigger, but
in the moment--

Dylan studies her. *Though she seems sincere, Dylan wonders if it's just an act...* But for now:

DYLAN
It's okay. Don't beat yourself up.

ALMA
If you're mad at me, you'd have
every right... I'd prefer you just
tell me--

DYLAN
I'm not mad at you.

This genuinely surprises Alma. She never anticipated Dylan to be understanding...

ALMA
You're not.

DYLAN
No.

Alma is incredibly relieved...

ALMA
What are you, then?

DYLAN
I'm just...

Dylan looks her over. She is so damn pretty. Sweet and smart. But he still doesn't know what to make of her...

DYLAN (CONT'D)
... taking it all in.

Alma reads this as a flirtation. Which pleases her...

ALMA
I was taking you in, tonight.
During the show.

DYLAN
What were you looking for?

ALMA
The little boy inside of you. Who still believes in magic. Even if only for a moment...

DYLAN
Was he there?

ALMA
("yes")
Standing right next to me... With eyes of wonder...

Alma looks deep into Dylan's eyes...

ALMA (CONT'D)
You're not who you say you are...
There's a whole other side to you,
isn't there...?

Alma puts her hand on Dylan's Arm. It's not a seduction, but an undeniable attraction in a moment of vulnerability...

ALMA (CONT'D)
A side you don't let people see...

Dylan is drawn to her. But he controls himself. Taking her hand...

DYLAN
If we do this now, we'll screw up both our jobs. And neither of us can afford for that happen...

Dylan stands and leaves. Alma watches him go. Longing.

And WE HEAR:

ATLAS (PRELAP)
We have to move *fast*--

INT. TENEMENT BASEMENT - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Atlas and Merritt enter from another room to find Henley:

ATLAS
(urgent)
-- There's work to do.

Merritt gives a conspiratorial nod to Atlas.

MERRITT
I'll be back soon.

Merritt heads out the door. Henley watches him exit. Then, back to Atlas...

HENLEY
Where's he going?

But Atlas is in his own world, eyes searching--

ATLAS
I'll explain in a minute. First, I need Alex.

MERRITT
He's in the back.

Atlas beelines for the door to a Back Room. Henley follows--

HENLEY
What do you need with Alex?

ATLAS
I need him to run an errand --

HENLEY
Hey--

Henley GRABS Atlas' arm, stopping him.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
I've seen you with that look. Some thing big is coming...
(with genuine concern)
Just remember, Alex is still a kid. A kid who would follow you into the fires of hell. Promise me you're not gonna lead him there...

This reality weighs on Atlas, then...

ATLAS

I promise.

Atlas pulls away from Henley, who watches him GO:

INT. TENEMENT BASEMENT - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Atlas closes the door behind him and approaches Alex, who sits on a rotted sofa, practicing sleight of hand. Alex greets Atlas with a smile--

ALEX

You got our Marching Orders?

ATLAS

I did...

Atlas sits next to Alex. And we can see that Atlas is TROUBLED by what he's about to ask...

ATLAS (CONT'D)

... and the first thing I need is for you to do something for me...

ALEX

Whatever you want. Just say the word.

Atlas is moved by the kid's loyalty. But it also racks him with GUILT...

ATLAS

You're a good man.

(a beat, then)

The most important thing about what I'm going to ask of you: It stays between us. No one can know. Especially those two back there...

Alex processes what Atlas is asking - to keep a secret from Henley and Merritt.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Can you do that for me?

Alex is conflicted, scared.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

(grave intimidation)

You are not going to let me down. Are you?

ALEX
Of course not.

Atlas is convinced of Alex's allegiance. And ashamed for testing its limits.

ATLAS
Good.
(conspiratorial)
Now listen close...

EXT. BAR - JAMAICA QUEENS TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

MUSIC BLASTS through the windows of this SHABBY WATERING HOLE. 18-WHEELERS are parked in a row in front.

Merritt (wearing glasses, a hat, nothing major, just enough to keep him from being easily recognizable) crosses the parking lot and enters this raucous space.

ATLAS (V.O.)
...this is what I want...

INT. BAR - JAMAICA QUEENS TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Merritt pushes his way to the bar, jostling a BIG BRUISER, and leans toward the BARTENDER, as if picking up Atlas' train of thought:

MERRITT
... a nice cold Sazerac.

BARTENDER
Don't know what you're talking about.

MERRITT
Then how about a *Mint Julep*? Not too leafy.

The Bartender steps out of frame. Merritt takes in his surroundings, until the Bartender slams some kind of DRINK down in front of him.

BARTENDER
Drink's eight bucks. Ten for you.

MERRITT
Make it twenty, for all I care. This bloke here with the rancid breath is paying for it, isn't right...?

The Big Bruiser can hardly believe his ears:

BIG BRUISER

I'm buyin' a plot for your grave,
asshole.

MERRITT

And I thought the Bayou smelled
rotten. Tell you what, why don't
you give him thirty and we'll call
it a day.

BIG BRUISER

I'm about to end your life.

MERRITT

No you're not. You're weak.
You're weak as a baby. You're so
bloody weak I can bring you to your
knees with my little finger--

Merritt reaches out and presses the Big Bruiser's shoulder
with a finger. To the shock of everyone at the bar, the guy
sinks down to his knees. Merritt looks around the bar:

MERRITT (CONT'D)

Next round is on me!

EXT. PARADISE THEATER - DAY

Dylan pulls up in his CAR, gets out and approaches the FBI
MOBILE COMMAND CENTER. Alma is waiting for him outside--

ALMA

You're late.

They begin to move towards the Command Center Door..

DYLAN

I was waiting on you. I thought we
were driving together...

ALMA

Sorry if I gave you the wrong
impression.

This is a dig at Dylan for misleading her last night. Before
Dylan can respond--

THADDEUS (O.C.)

Agent Hobbes--

Dylan and Alma turn to find Thaddeus, who falls into step with them--

DYLAN
Not now, Thaddeus--

THADDEUS
Am I interrupting something?
(reading Dylan and Alma)
Perhaps, a lover's quarrel?

DYLAN
One more word and I'm shipping you
to Guantanamo--

THADDEUS
I may have information on The
Horseman--

DYLAN
We're not interested in what
happened yesterday-- or the day
before that. We're working a
forensics lead. To figure out
what's next--

This has Thaddeus deeply intrigued--

THADDEUS
What's the lead--?

DYLAN
You're not part of this
investigation.

THADDEUS
Do you have a location on the next--

Dylan and Alma enter the Mobile Command Center. Before
closing the door on Thaddeus--

DYLAN
(utterly dismissive)
Stay close by. We'll call you if
we need you--

Dylan closes the door, locking Thaddeus out... He hates
being on the *outside* of information.

THADDEUS
(alone, irate)
What's the lead--?

As this question torments Thaddeus, we GO:

INT. FBI MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Dylan, Alma and Fuller study VARIOUS IMAGES of a SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX appearing on a SERIES OF MONITORS. A FRENCH FORENSICS AGENT walks us through the search...

FRENCH FORENSICS AGENT (ON THE SCREEN)
The lock was most definitely
picked. And quite recently--

CLOSE ON: MAGNIFIED IMAGES of the BOX'S LOCK.

FRENCH FORENSICS AGENT (V.O.)
-- It's barely a scratch, but you
can see how fresh the wound to the
metal is.

DYLAN
But the box was empty.

ON A MONITOR: We see the open, EMPTY box.

FRENCH FORENSICS AGENT (ON THE SCREEN)
Yes.

Not what Dylan was hoping for, but...

DYLAN
So if Atlas didn't place something
inside the box, maybe he was taking
something out...

FULLER
... Retrieving a Dead Drop?

A good theory. But--

DYLAN
Why have Atlas travel all the way
to Paris for a Dead Drop?

FULLER
Maybe whoever is working with these
guys has ties in the area--

A chill pulses through Dylan. His eyes locked on Alma.
Evidence mounting against her. But Alma's unaware of Dylan,
she stays on point--

ALMA
Let's see if we can put Thaddeus
Bradley in Paris. Anytime in the
last two years...
("because...")
(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)

According to bank records the box was accessed only once. Just over a year ago. I had them run an infra-blue scan.

The standard video SHIFTS ITS TINT as IMAGES OF THE BOTTOM OF THE BOX appear on the MONITOR. An IMPRINT BECOMES VISIBLE - lines that look like a CORNER FROM AN ARCHITECTURAL BLUEPRINT, as well as SEVERAL NUMBERS CUT OFF IN THE MIDDLE.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Residue from Blueprints.

FULLER

Now that's my kind of magic.

(to Alma)

Nice work.

(then to Dylan)

Remember when you were this good at solving crimes?

Dylan lets the barb roll off his shoulder. He's focused on the partial Serial Numbers emblazoned across the monitor--

DYLAN

Do we know what these numbers represent?

Dylan turns to Agent Stambler, who's already running a search:

AGENT STAMBLER

The sequencing looks like ID designations for Federal Buildings in New York.

FULLER

So our boys next show'll be in NY?

DYLAN

Unlikely. They pulled off their robberies a good distance away from their shows both times.

ALMA

Actually, the second location was much closer than the first. Their prep time for this one will be even shorter. Sticking to the pattern... their third show will probably be within spitting distance of--

Alma's interrupted by the excited Agent Stambler--

AGENT STAMBLER
The Money Factory.

DYLAN
The what?

AGENT STAMBLER
A Federal Reserve Printing House.
The last number before the code
cuts off matches this one.
(point to SCREEN)
In Queens.

ON THE MONITOR: A NONDESCRIPT INDUSTRIAL BUILDING. As the
IMAGE BECOMES REAL, we are:

EXT. THE MONEY FACTORY - DAY

A squat building in an exiguous neighborhood. CAMERAS HIDDEN
IN THE STREET-LIGHTS, and GUARDS perched on the roof. SUPER:

Bureau of Engraving and Printing - Jamaica, NY

LT. THOMAS (V.O.)
You think these hocus pocus guys
are going to try to hit us?

INT. MONEY FACTORY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dylan and Alma sit across from LIEUTENANT THOMAS, an OFFICIAL
LOOKING NEW YORKER wearing an UNNECESSARY MUSTACHE.

DYLAN
We have strong indicators.

LT. THOMAS
Agent Hobbes, the BEP has been
around since 1861. And in that
time, in all our facilities, do you
know how many successful robberies
there have been? Zero.

DYLAN
We believe the Horsemen have
blueprints to this facility.
Giving them the exact location of
every nail and screw drilled into
this place.

LT. THOMAS
Wouldn't make a difference.

INT. MONEY FACTORY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Lt. Thomas show Dylan and Alma the small space, filled with
BEP COPS watching DOZENS OF MONITORS:

LT. THOMAS

There are cameras in every corner.
Anyone goes where they don't
belong, the gates come down.

INT. MONEY FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Alma and Dylan follow Lt. Thomas through the X-RAY MACHINES,
dumping their money and change into bins--

LT. THOMAS

No currency enters or leaves the
premises. Except what we print.

They step into the bustling space. HEAVY MACHINERY HUMS all
around. WORKERS swipe their cards to move from one GATED
AREA to another.

LT. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Employees use scan cards to move
from one section to another.

ARMED GUARDS watch the floor from a catwalk high above them.

LT. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Everyone in this room has SSBI, SCI
and SAP level security clearance.
They know not to be tempted.

A WORKER pushes a large pallet of glass-encased BILLS into a
CAGED IN HOLDING AREA. The gate shuts behind it.

LT. THOMAS (CONT'D)

Freshly minted currency stays here.
It's collected by armored cars in
the morning, and delivered to banks
in the North-East.

(then)

Listen... you're so worried, cordon
us off, no one gets in or out for
the next twenty-four hours.

DYLAN

(to Alma)

He's right. We cordon off the
building... no robbery.

ALMA

But no arrest.

DYLAN

You wanna let them just walk in here?

ALMA

I want them to think they are. We still put teams on the perimeter.

DYLAN

Uh-uh. Too risky--

ALMA

What are you afraid of?

Which lands on Atlas with a double meaning, as if somehow referencing his rejecting her sexual advances.

DYLAN

I'm not afraid of anything. Why are you so quick to complicate things...?

And now, the subtext retreats, as Alma stands her ground. Impassioned.

ALMA

We know their next strike point. How do we not use that to our advantage?

Dylan holds her gaze for a long beat. *Why is she fighting him so hard on this? What does she want?* Then, something
TURNS INSIDE HIM.

DYLAN

(to LT. Thomas)

Keep it open. Coordinate with Tac-Teams on vantage points--

Alma is delighted that her idea was heard.

ALMA

(to Dylan)

Thank you.

Dylan nods. But he is deeply unsettled. He turns back to Lt. Thomas:

DYLAN

How much money would you say you print on a night like tonight?

LT. THOMAS
Eight hundred and fifty million.

Dylan reacts. The stakes are HIGH. And he just agreed to Alma's plan. Just as his suspicions about her are peaking...

EXT. THE MONEY FACTORY - DAY

Standing alone by his CAR, Dylan talks on the PHONE:

INTERPOL RECEPTIONIST (THROUGH PHONE)
... I'm sorry but Agent Moreau has
not yet checked in.

Dylan notices Alma heading his way. He hastens...

DYLAN
Do you know when to expect him
back?

INTERPOL RECEPTIONIST (THROUGH PHONE)
I just answer phones. But I will
tell him you called. Again.

Dylan hangs up as Alma crosses to him.

ALMA
Your boss wants to talk to you.

DYLAN
Home or cell?

ALMA
Face to face.

Dylan WINCES. This day just keeps getting better...

EXT. MONEY FACTORY - SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY

Dylan and Alma join Hernandez, standing with a batch of FBI AGENTS.

DYLAN
When did you fly in?

HERNANDEZ
Just in time for the show.

Dylan doesn't get it.

HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

(sharp)

I guess you haven't checked your Twitter account recently.

(explains)

Social networking sites lit up twenty minutes ago. The Horsemen announced their next show. Six PM. Tonight.

DYLAN

("shit")

That's sooner than we thought. Where?

HERNANDEZ

Times Square. Crowds are already descending. En mass.

(re: the Money Factory)

So shut this place down before the Treasury Department gets added to the list of agencies testifying at my Senate Hearing--

Alma jumps in:

ALMA

We're considering a different approach.

HERNANDEZ

That being--?

ALMA

To dangle the Money Factory as bait. Use it to sting The Horsemen.

Hernandez drinks in the thought - *it's a bold play...*

HERNANDEZ

Dylan...?

Dylan masks his reluctance. Holds the party-line:

DYLAN

(nods)

We take them in action.

With Dylan's approval, Hernandez signs on--

HERNANDEZ

Bring me a game-plan in ten.

Alma snaps into action, heads off. Hernandez starts away with a couple Agents, Dylan follows:

DYLAN

I need a word with you, Sir.
(to the Agents)
Alone.

Hernandez waves the Agents away. After a beat...

HERNANDEZ

Shouldn't you be--

DYLAN

I need your clearance--

HERNANDEZ

-- I just authorized--

DYLAN

-- Not to keep the Factory open.
We should do that, too. But I
think we need to institute a fail-
safe--

HERNANDEZ

Such as?

DYLAN

I want to move the money.

HERNANDEZ

What money?

DYLAN

The eight hundred and fifty million
dollars inside that building.

HERNANDEZ

Move it...?

DYLAN

Pack it up. Get it on a plane.
You, me, Fuller, no one else knows.

HERNANDEZ

What about Agent Gerard?

DYLAN

No. She's the reason I fear we
might be walking into a trap--

HERNANDEZ
("that's ridiculous")
She's a nice girl...

DYLAN
Nothing about her adds up. She
shows up here instead of Agent
Moreau, even though I spoke to him
the night before.

FLASHBACK IMAGES: Alma's first meeting with Dylan.

DYLAN (V.O.)(CONT'D)
And the few times I've tried to
reach Agent Moreau, he's
unavailable--

BACK TO THE BEP: As Hernandez hears Dylan out...

DYLAN (CONT'D)
In Atlantic City. She was at the
center of a number of near misses
with the Horsemen--

*FLASHBACK IMAGES: The Horsemen exiting the penthouse
elevator. Alma, from the lounge, visually zeros in on each
one of them.*

DYLAN (V.O.)
She was the only one of us to make
a positive ID of Atlas at the
hotel. And we now know it was a
double.

BACK TO THE BEP: Dylan's passion intensifies.

DYLAN
Then on stage, the Horsemen
disappeared right out from under
her.

*FLASHBACK IMAGES: On stage with The Horsemen, Alma presses
the BUTTON that causes the LIGHTS TO FLASH OFF, allowing the
Horsemen to disappear...*

DYLAN (V.O.)
She easily could have facilitated
their exit.

*FLASHBACK IMAGES: The Team takes the Service Tunnel on the
right, Alma takes the Tunnel on the left.*

DYLAN (V.O.)

In pursuit, she gets separated from the team. When we do catch back up... The Horsemen are in the wind.

FLASHBACK IMAGES: Dylan and the team come upon Alma, gun in hand, standing in the empty Service Tunnel.

ALMA (FLASHBACK)

They're gone.

BACK TO THE BEP: Hernandez listens intently.

DYLAN

And then today. She insists on leaving the Money Factory open. The Blueprints to which were sitting in a Safety Deposit Bank in Paris. Four blocks from where she works...

HERNANDEZ

You think she's like some kind of what... Fifth Horsemen?

DYLAN

I don't know who she is... And that's what scares me the most.

HERNANDEZ

You've always been paranoid, Dylan. And now you're getting obsessive.

Dylan fights back:

DYLAN

I'm keeping my eyes open. Given what's gone down the last forty-eight hours, someone oughta--

Hernandez considers. Dylan's one of his best, so he relents:

HERNANDEZ

I'll coordinate moving the money with BEP brass. Get with Lieutenant Thomas and work through the details.

DYLAN

Yes, sir.

Hernandez heads off. Dylan moves in the other direction, towards the BEP, but he stops when his Walkie SQUAWKS:

FULLER (V.O.)
Dylan. You copy?

DYLAN (INTO WALKIE)
Go.

INT/EXT. UNMARKED FBI VAN/BOWERY STREET - DAY

Agent Fuller sits in the driver's seat, his eyes fixed on the SIDE REARVIEW MIRROR:

FULLER
You'll never believe who I ran
into...

IN THE MIRROR: Fuller watches a MAN milling about on a STREET CORNER. As the Man turns:

FULLER (CONT'D)
... Thaddeus. One of his fan sites
reported seeing him in the Bowery.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY: Dylan reacts, *what's Thaddeus doing the Bowery...?*

FULLER (CONT'D)
I thought you told him to sit tight
in AC, so I figured I see what he
was up to.

DYLAN
And...

ANGLE ON: Thaddeus keeps his gaze fixed on a BOARDED UP STORE FRONT DOOR...

FULLER
It looks like he's waiting for
someone--

Suddenly, the Store Front Door opens and out steps Alex Hero.

FULLER (CONT'D)
Holy Shit! Alex Hero.

Dylan can't believe what he's hearing.

DYLAN
You got Hero?

FULLER
Right in my line of sight.

DYLAN
Keep a tail.

But that notion's over before it begins: Alex takes in his surroundings, discover Fuller in his van down the block a second before he sees Thaddeus. And--

ALEX BOLTS down a ONE WAY STREET, HURRYING AGAINST TRAFFIC--

FULLER
Track star!

DYLAN (V.O.)
Stay with him.

Thaddeus on foot, follows after Alex. Thaddeus is faster than expected, but Alex has a nice head start--

Fuller TEARS past the One Way to try and catch up with Alex and Thaddeus at the other end of the block--

Fuller SKIDS AROUND A CORNER in time to see Alex climbing behind the wheel of an AUDI. The Audi GROWLS to life--

Thaddeus closes in on the Audi, reaching for the passenger door handle... But Alex tears out of the parking spot, pulling away from Thaddeus. And speeding past Fuller, who's facing the opposite direction--

Thaddeus spots Fuller - Oh-shit! But Thaddeus is hell bent on keeping up with Alex. He yanks a HACK from his YELLOW CAB and pins the throttle--

Fuller SPINS A HARD U-TURN, LAYING TRACKS AS HE GIVES CHASE--

INT/EXT. AUDI/NYC STREETS - DAY

Heartbeat racing, ALEX PUSHES THE AUDI TO ITS LIMITS. His eyes repeatedly finding the rearview mirror, where he sees a Yellow Cab keeping pace. As Alex hits the FDR ONRAMP--

INT/EXT. YELLOW CAB/NYC STREETS - DAY

Thaddeus WHITE KNUCKLES the steering wheel as he follows Alex onto the FDR. In Thaddeus' rearview--

INT/EXT. UNMARKED FBI VAN/NYC STREETS - DAY

Fuller bounces onto the FDR a few hundred feet behind him--

EXT. FDR - DAY

Alex pulls a series of BREATHTAKINGLY DANGEROUS LANE CHANGES, before veering for the 59TH ST BRIDGE through a SMALL GAP in traffic--

Thaddeus navigates the same DANGEROUS MANEUVER, making the bridge exit at the last possible second--

Fuller follows, LOSING HIS SIDE-VIEW MIRROR as he squeezes through the narrowing gap in traffic--

EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE - DAY

Alex BARRELS DOWN the center of the roadway, splitting traffic. But when BOTH LANES IN FRONT OF HIM ARE BLOCKED, ALEX TRIES TO SQUEEZE THROUGH A TIGHT SPACE BESIDE THE MEDIAN--

BUT ALEX LOSES CONTROL. HIS WHEELS BOUNCE OFF THE MEDIAN'S BASE, SENDING HIM AIRBORNE. THE AUDI TWISTS IN THE AIR AND COMES DOWN HARD ON ITS ROOF--

SPARKS FLY as it slides to a stop. TRAFFIC SCREECHES to a halt all around.

Thaddeus skids to a stop. And heads for the wreckage--

Fuller slams out of his Van, hoofing his way to the Audi, GUN DRAWN-- He bears down on Thaddeus--

FULLER
Hands in the air!

Thaddeus complies--

THADDEUS
I was trying--

-- Listen to me--

FULLER
-- Down on your face--
-- Do it!

As Thaddeus gets to his knees, Fuller peers into the overturned Audi - Alex, upside down with BLOOD DRIPPING DOWN HIS FACE, limply tries to pull himself free. But he's stuck--

FULLER (CONT'D)
Easy, kid. I'll have an ambulance here in a--

But suddenly, THE REAR OF THE AUDI CATCHES FIRE! It spreads rapidly across the car, enveloping Alex-- He SCREAMS, reaching out for help when... WHOOM--!

THE AUDI IS TORN APART BY A MASSIVE EXPLOSION--

Fuller is BLOWN BACK, landing hard on the asphalt. Dazed, he watches as thick CURTAINS OF SMOKE BILLOW ACROSS THE BRIDGE OBSCURING THADDEUS for a moment...

But when the smoke parts, THADDEUS IS GONE. And all that's left for Fuller to look at is ALEX'S BURNING BODY SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE RAGING INFERNO.

EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE - AFTERMATH - DAY

Alma and Hernandez walk the scene: FIREMEN work to remove ALEX'S CHARRED REMAINS from the smoldering Audi. Dylan spies Fuller getting patched up, as he joins Alma and Hernandez.

DYLAN

Word on Thaddeus is out. Port Authority is coordinating the hunt through State Police.

HERNANDEZ

Let's hope they do a better job than we did.

ALMA

Thirty minutes til show time.

DYLAN

You think the Horsemen cancel?

HERNANDEZ

Not after coming this far...

(to Dylan)

Take Fuller and get back to The Money Factory. Prep it like we discussed. Rendezvous in Times Square.

(turning)

Alma, you're with me.

Alma follows Hernandez away. Dylan heads for Fuller. The CAMERA SOARS UP - taking us to HELICOPTER FOOTAGE. MATCH TO:

A NEWS REPORT: Video from HIGH ABOVE THE 59TH STREET BRIDGE. EMS BUBBLE LIGHTS JITTERING...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

... Rumors grow that the victim was none other than the famed Four Horsemen's, Alex Hero. However, FBI sources on the scene refuse to confirm...

PULL BACK from the TV to REVEAL WE ARE:

INT. TENEMENT LOFT - MANHATTAN - DAY

Tears spill from Henley's eyes. Merritt, beside her, is also visibly upset. Slamming items into a DUFFEL BAG, Atlas looks up at them. Cold. Unrepentant.

ATLAS
He knew what he signed up for.

HENLEY
And you knew the risks.

ATLAS
Anything worth doing has risks--

HENLEY
(heartsick)
Jesus, Atlas. You promised--

ATLAS
That kid would've been dead years ago if it wasn't for me--

Atlas has gone too far. Merritt can't contain his rage anymore. As he charges Atlas--

MERRITT
You said we'd protect each other, you sonuvabitch!

Merritt's FIST CLENCHES, ready to lay into Atlas --

MERRITT (CONT'D)
We were supposed to be a family--

Merritt COCKS his fist back, ready to strike when--

Atlas FLASH CLOCKS Merritt. Stopping him cold.

ATLAS
We are.

As Merritt wipes the blood from his lower lip, seething with contempt and rage--

ATLAS (CONT'D)
(strong, galvanizing)
So we do what families do - Press on. In the name of those no longer with us.
(a beat, then)
(MORE)

ATLAS (CONT'D)

We're one down. But three strong.
And if we can keep it together for
one more night - we'll be
responsible for the greatest act of
magic ever attempted. Permanently
etching our names onto the tablets
of history. Alongside Alex's.
Tell me you have any doubt he
wouldn't want that...

Off Merritt and Henley, still devastated and furious... But
knowing that Atlas is right.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

We do this for Alex.
(a beat)
One down. Three strong.

Off Atlas' declaration, we SMASH TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NYC - DAY

THOUSANDS OF HORSEMEN FANS flood into the Square from every possible port of entry. Packing in tight. GRINDING TRAFFIC TO A HALT. They buzz with the anticipation of seeing the Horsemen in action.

AT THE NORTH END: Alma, Hernandez and a DOZEN FBI AGENTS push through the crowd, approaching the NYPD DEPUTY CHIEF:

HERNANDEZ

SAC Hernandez. FBI. Anything we
can do about thinning this crowd--?

NYPD DEPUTY CHIEF

I try and move these people outta
here... I got a riot on my hands.

Not pleasing news to Hernandez. As he and Alma take in the
steadily growing Crowd--

EXT. THE MONEY FACTORY - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Dylan, Fuller and a couple BEP AGENTS - under the watchful eye of an army of ARMED GUARDS - stuff STACKS OF CASH into DOZENS OF HEAVY DUTY DUFFLE BAGS and load them into the back of a BEHEMOTH 18-WHEELED-ARMORED-TRANSPORT.

[This Truck is like nothing we've seen before. HEAVY TIRES. TRIPLE STEEL WALLS. A MONSTER CAB at the front. And a SINGLE VAULT-LIKE DOOR at the rear.]

Lt. Thomas coordinates with his TRANSPORT AGENTS:

LT. THOMAS

We're pre-cleared. Straight shot to the tarmac. Two-by-two on the truck. Scout vehicle maintains a quarter mile lead. Let's roll.

The team falls out, climbing into their respective vehicles. As they do, DYLAN LOADS THE LAST BAG INTO THE BACK OF THE 18-WHEELER, shutting the Vault Door behind him as he exits.

LT. THOMAS (O.S.)(CONT'D)

Wait!

Dylan turns to Lt. Thomas, who's climbing up the ramp to the 18-Wheeler's Vault Door--

LT. THOMAS (CONT'D)

I ride with the cash.
(indicating Fuller)
Your man, too.

Dylan nods. Fuller and Lt. Thomas climb through the Truck's Vault Door. As Dylan shuts them in:

DYLAN

Have a safe flight, fellas...

Off the CLANG of the door closing, we MATCH SOUND TO:

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

The car comes to a stop with a jolt. The GATE LIFTS OPEN and Atlas, Henley and Merritt rush out, carrying BAGS OF GEAR...

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - DAY

As the Horsemen race down the long corridor towards a door marked "ELECTRICAL", Henley unspools SEVERAL ZERO GAUGE INSULATED WIRES...

EXT. STREETS - QUEENS - DAY

The MONEY TRANSPORT CONVOY lumbers along. Two cars in the lead, followed by the 18-Wheeler, followed by two more cars.

INT. 18-WHEELED-ARMORED-TRANSPORT - DAY

Fuller and Lt. Thomas ride in silence - *ready for action*.
Sweat beading on their foreheads. SEVERAL HUNDRED MILLION
DOLLARS RESTING AT THEIR FEET.

INT. ELECTRICAL CLOSET - DAY

Merritt flips open an ELECTRICAL PANEL and begins TYING IN
the ends of Henley's Wires, while--

AT AN OPAQUE WINDOW: Atlas flips open a RUGGEDIZED CASE and
starts assembling what looks like a HIGH-TECH-SNIPER RIFLE
with an INFRARED SCOPE [though we'll learn it is not a rifle
at all]. As we wonder what the fuck are these guys up to...?

INT. THE MONEY FACTORY - DAY

Dylan walks the floor, passing the EMPTY PALLETS BEHIND THE
CAGE. There's not a cent left in the building. If the
Horsemen do breach, all they'll find are FBI TAC-TEAMS and
BEP COPS laying in wait. Satisfied with the contingencies he
has in place, Dylan triggers his Walkie:

DYLAN

Teams are secured.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NYC - DAY

The Crowd is now shoulder-to-shoulder. Alma is beside
Hernandez, who responds to Dylan. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

HERNANDEZ

Good. We're standing by for the
Horsemen to make an appearance.

DYLAN

On my way to you.

Dylan stows his Walkie and heads for the exit.

Agent Graven approaches Hernandez, handing him a FILE.

AGENT GRAVEN

Results from the trace we ran on
the wire transfer of Tressler's
banking info.

While reading, Hernandez furrows his brow. Alma looks to
Agent Graven:

AGENT GRAVEN (CONT'D)
Wipe out. The signal bounced
around the world a handful of times
before dead-ending in a South
American server farm.

ALMA
Did you run it through the Enger
Protocol?

Agent Graven looks to Hernandez...

AGENT GRAVEN
It'll fry the server.

ALMA
But if there's any info there...
We'll get it. Trust me.

On Hernandez: *What's there to lose...?*

HERNANDEZ
Do it.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

The entire 18-Wheel-Transport is BACKED INTO the CARGO HOLD
of an AIRBUS A400M, its PROPELLERS SPOOLING UP...

EXT. ROOFTOP - NYC - DAY

As Henley focuses a PARABOLIC MIRROR on a DIRECTIONAL ARM
over the lip of the building, Atlas and Merritt join her...

ATLAS
We powered up?

HENLEY
Good to go in thirty seconds.

INT. MONEY FACTORY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

FBI and BEP Agents raptly survey the MONITORS - waiting for
anything out of the ordinary...

INT. AIRBUS A400M - CARGO HOLD - DAY

With the 18-Wheeled-Transport in position, MAGNETIC BRACES
lever off the floor, SECURING IT.

INT. 18-WHEELED-ARMORED-TRANSPORT - DAY

Fuller and Lt. Thomas let out a partial-sigh-of-relief as the Magnetic Braces engage.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NYC - DAY

Dylan fights his way towards Alma and Hernandez, when suddenly, Atlas' voice BOOMS OVER a SOUND SYSTEM--

ATLAS
Welcome, New York--

A HUGE ROAR lets loose from the Crowd. Eyes turn to a HIGH-RISE BALCONY OVERLOOKING the Square where Atlas, Henley and Merritt are in full view--

ATLAS (CONT'D)
-- To our final show!

Dylan keys his Walkie:

DYLAN
Fuller, show's starting. What's your status...?

INT. 18-WHEELED-ARMORED-TRANSPORT - DAY

Fuller and Lt. Thomas steady themselves as THE TRANSPORT RUMBLES AND SHAKES BEFORE EVERYTHING GETS STILL--

AGENT FULLER
We are wheels up.

EXT. AIRBUS A400M - DAY

Flaps down, the CARGO PLANE lifts off the runway, going airborne. Its nose cone pointing towards Manhattan Island--

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NYC - DAY

Dylan looks up. To Atlas and The Horsemen - a challenge...?

DYLAN
Let's see what you got.

ON THE HIGH-RISE BALCONY: Atlas quiets the Crowd. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

ATLAS

As many of you heard, today we suffered a devastating loss. Alex Hero is gone. A life lost too soon.

The Crowd reacts--

HENLEY

But we are going to honor him the best way we know how...

MERRITT

The way he would have wanted--

FIREWORKS GO OFF and HEAVY METAL STARTS POUNDING. *The crowd lets out another ROAR!!!*

ANGLE ON Atlas, spotting Dylan and Alma. A smile spreads across his face. Then back to his Audience:

ATLAS

You all are the biggest audience we've had... That means we have to come up with our biggest score yet. And money doesn't grow on trees...

Atlas turns to Merritt--

MERRITT

But it is printed in factories.

The HUGE VIDEO SCREENS all around the Square SUDDENLY FILL with IMAGES OF THE MONEY FACTORY - EXTERIOR ANGLES.

ATLAS

Some of these places - like this one - can hold nearly a billion dollars at any given time. The government prints it, just like that, whenever they want to.

MERRITT

Though we think, for once, someone else should decide where it goes, don't you...?

The Crowd RIPPLES with excitement--

HENLEY

But the FBI stands in our way--

IMAGES ADJUST to The Money factory's very own CLOSED CIRCUIT SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE - INCLUDING THE EXTRA FBI AND BEP AGENTS WATCHING THE MONITORS IN THE CONTROL ROOM.

The Crowd BOOOOOS--

Dylan and Alma look to each other - how do these guys do it?

ATLAS

They were so sure we're going to try and rob this building, they moved all the money out--

ON THE HUGE VIDEO SCREENS: Surveillance footage shifts to the IMAGES OF THE EMPTY PALLETS SITTING IN THE CAGE.

HENLEY

They moved it to the most secure location they could think of--

MERRITT

An airplane.

ON THE HUGE VIDEO SCREENS: Images of the Airbus A400M streaking across the sky--

Alma turns to Dylan, shocked by what she's seeing - *that was not the plan. At least not the plan as explained to her...*

ATLAS

Because who would ever imagine that a bunch of Magicians could steal eight-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollars from a locked vault inside the belly of cargo plane while airborne...?

Dylan barks into his Walkie:

DYLAN

Fuller, status?

INT. 18-WHEELED-ARMORED-TRANSPORT - DAY

Fuller looks to the Duffel Bags at his feet. Then over to Lt. Thomas, who nods back...

FULLER

Money's secure.

INT. TIMES SQUARE - NYC - DAY

But Dylan can't hear his words, because the GROWL OF FOUR SCIMITAR PROPELLERS grow louder and louder...

The Crowd cast their attention upwards, where they see REFLECTIONS IN THE GLASS AND STEEL BUILDINGS AROUND THEM. WAVERING IMAGES OF THE AIRBUS A400M AS IT MOVES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO TIMES SQUARE...

UNTIL THE AIRBUS A400M IS PLAINLY VISIBLE. Flying just under the cloud cover - DIRECTLY OVERHEAD.

Atlas' amplified voice talks over:

ATLAS
Unless, of course, we just made the whole plane... DISAPPEAR!

WHOOOMP - THE AIRBUS A400M VANISHES FROM THE SKY!!!

The CROWD GASPS--

Dylan and Alma are awestruck. Dylan keys his Walkie, urgent:

DYLAN
Fuller. You copy?
(but there's only STATIC)
Fuller? Are you still on board--?

This catches Alma's attention...

ALMA
(to Dylan)
On board where...?

Dylan ignores her. Through the Static on the Walkie:

DYLAN
FULLER-- DO YOU COPY--?

Alma pieces it together--

ALMA
(furious, betrayed)
YOU MOVED THE MONEY-- BEHIND MY
BACK--?!?!

Dylan looks up at her. He can't deny the facts.

ALMA (CONT'D)
WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT? WE'RE ON
THE SAME SIDE--

Because he owes her some explanation...

DYLAN
I HAD TO BE SURE!
(into Walkie)
FULLER!!! WHERE ARE YOU--???

INT. 18-WHEELED-ARMORED-TRANSPORT - DAY

Hearing Dylan through the walkie's static, Fuller and Lt. Thomas share a confused look:

FULLER
Still here.

DYLAN
And the money...

FULLER
It's all--

Fuller unzips a Duffel and is shocked to find it's filled with STACKS OF FOUR HORSEMEN FLYERS CUT TO THE SIZE OF MONEY.

LT. THOMAS
Oh my god...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NYC - DAY

LT. THOMAS
Oh my god...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NYC - DAY

Eyes fixed on the sky where the plane disappeared from, THE CROWD'S GASPS TRANSMUTE TO CHEERS as they see... FLUTTERING DOWN ON THEM ARE MILLIONS OF DOLLAR BILLS - EIGHT-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-MILLION TO BE EXACT.

PEOPLE JUMP IN THE AIR, REACHING FOR THE MONEY, DIVING TO THE GROUND, SCOOPING IT UP BY THE HANDFULS--

Alma looks to Dylan, LIVID--

ALMA
NOW DO YOU TRUST ME?

Alma storms away. Dylan's at a loss for words. He fucked up in innumerable ways. His attention is drawn back to:

ATLAS

And credit to the help we got from
heavens--

Atlas motions to the sky, where a LONE FIGURE PLUMMETS
TOWARDS THE EARTH... Suddenly, a PARACHUTE OPENS--

VIDEO SCREENS broadcast CLOSE UPS OF THE SKYDIVER: *It's...*

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Alex Hero. *Back from the dead!*

The Crowd burst into COLLECTIVE JUBILATION!!!

Henley and Merritt are just as surprised to see Alex. But
their joy is tinged with the need for answers. They turn to
Atlas...

ATLAS (CONT'D)

I know you're not happy with me
right now--

(mischievous grin)

But I'll explain on the way.

Dylan watches ALEX TOUCH DOWN IN THE CENTER OF TIMES SQUARE,
WHERE HE IS IMMEDIATELY SWALLOWED UP BY THE CROWD.

And when Dylan looks back up to the Balcony, where ATLAS,
HENLEY AND MERRITT ONCE WERE - NOW, THEY TOO ARE GONE.

AND WE HOLD ON: DYLAN. *His mind spins.* The weight of this
abject failure crushing down on him...

HERNANDEZ (PRELAP)

A hologram--?

INT. FBI MOBILE COMMAND UNIT - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Dylan sits across from Alma and Hernandez, who studies a
PARABOLIC MIRROR - *the very same one we saw Henley setting up*
before the show. Dylan avoids eye contact with both Alma and
Hernandez. Which is wise...

ALMA

Coupled with a half dozen parabolic
mirrors. They were positioned
around Times Square, magnifying the
image and providing the "illusion"
of an actual aircraft reflecting
off the surrounding buildings--

HERNANDEZ

But I saw it overhead. In open sky...

Dylan points out the SNIPER-RIFLE-LOOKING-DEVICE - *the one we saw Atlas setting up before the show - positioned in a window. Multi-colored strands of light emanating from it.*

DYLAN

Laser hybrid. Tightly focused.
Projected against the cloud cover.
Smart as shit.

IMAGES OF: The Sniper-Rifle-Looking-Device projecting an IMAGE OF THE AIRBUS A400M on the low lying clouds--

ALMA (V.O.)

And directional speakers made it sound like the plane was approaching.

BACK TO: The Mobile Command Center.

HERNANDEZ

So where'd the money come from?

DYLAN

Second plane?

HERNANDEZ

You're guessing.

DYLAN

Seems the only logical answer. But the FAA doesn't have anything on their radars for that time or airspace.

HERNANDEZ

A ghost plane?

Hernandez nods. Gets back on track:

HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

And that's where Alex and cash enter from...

ALMA

Assuming that was actually him parachuting into Times Square.

DYLAN

Sure it was.

IMAGES OF: Alex in the Burning Car: A STEEL PANEL SHOWING HIS REFLECTION drops in front of him, right before the explosion--

Fuller SHIELDS his face from the blast, and--

Alex uses the cover of the flames to roll behind the MEDIAN and into a prepared HIDING SPOT, pulling a RUSTED GRATING over himself.

BACK TO: Dylan, Alma and Hernandez.

HERNANDEZ

Then who was the body in the car?

DYLAN

John Doe. Probably lifted from a local hospital.

IMAGES OF: Alex, dressed as an ORDERLY, wheeling a body through a HOSPITAL CORRIDOR.

DYLAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Fresh bodies go missing from the morgue all the time. Usually to harvest body parts.

BACK TO: Dylan, Alma and Hernandez.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

But in this case it was so Alex could be freed up to steal the money...

ALMA

... As it was being moved.

Alma is still processing Dylan's betrayal.

DYLAN

(contrite)

That's right.

HERNANDEZ

Not so fast. The serial numbers on the cash we recovered in Times Square aren't showing a match to the bills that went missing--

On Dylan and Alma. This is a bizarre development.

ALMA

The Horsemen rained millions of dollars of their own money on that crowd?

HERNANDEZ

Nothing near what was stolen, but still a lot. No law against throwing away your own money, though.

DYLAN

Then where's the cash from the Money Factory?

HERNANDEZ

(snaps)

That would be the Eight Hundred and Fifty Million Dollar Question, wouldn't it?

DYLAN

(bites back)

IF YOU WANT MY RESIGNATION, THAT CAN BE ARRANGED--

HERNANDEZ

WHAT I WANT IS FOR YOU TO PULL YOUR DICK OUT OF THE DIRT AND--

AGENT GRAVEN (O.C.)

Excuse me, Sir!

The focus shifts to Agent Graven who comes through the door, handing a FILE to Hernandez...

AGENT GRAVEN (CONT'D)

(re: the FILE)

Test results from the Enger Protocol.

Hernandez takes the File and Agent Graven exits. As Hernandez begins to read, Dylan and Alma look on...

ALMA

Did they find anything?

HERNANDEZ

(eyes widening)

They sure did...

ALMA

(pulse racing)

Did it give us a name?

HERNANDEZ

It sure did.

DYLAN
(not following)
Someone wanna fill me in?

Hernandez looks up from the File, like it's "too good to be true"...

HERNANDEZ
I think Agent Gerard just found our
Fifth Horseman.

Dylan and Alma react. *Holy Shit!* As we share their DEEP
CURIOSITY as to who it is, we SMASH TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - LAS VEGAS - MORNING

Phone to his ear, Thaddeus approaches his Front Door. SUPER:

Las Vegas, Nevada

Thaddeus' pace is urgent, as is the tone of his voice:

THADDEUS (INTO PHONE)
You're my lawyer, clean it up...
No, I ran because there was a
burning wreckage on a crowded
overpass, not because I'm guilty...
You jackass... Besides they don't
have a thing on me...

Thaddeus keys the door--

INT. THADDEUS' HOUSE - FRONT ENTRANCE - MORNING

As Thaddeus enters--

THADDEUS
I said... they don't have a thing
on me--

But Thaddeus stops himself cold when he sees--

THE PALLET OF CASH FROM THE MONEY FACTORY SITTING IN THE
MIDDLE OF HIS LIVING ROOM - Then, HE LOOKS TO THE DINING
ROOM, WHERE 1.5 MILLION IN EURO ADORN HIS DINING TABLE.

Thaddeus takes it in for a moment... *He regards the cash with an expression that's difficult to read.*

Then, the SOUND OF CAR ENGINES AND BRAKES SQUEALING TO A HALT OUTSIDE. Thaddeus GRINS. Resigned. *Fucked.*

Dylan, Alma, Fuller, Hernandez and TWO DOZEN FBI AGENTS STORM IN. GUNS DRAWN:

ALMA
IT'S OVER, THADDEUS!

Thaddeus raises his hands--

THADDEUS
You realize, of course--

HERNANDEZ
-- Save it.
(re: the PALLET OF CASH)
You've been debunked.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OPERATIONS ROOM - MORNING

Thaddeus is led, HANDCUFFED, towards the HOLDING CELLS. The mood is celebratory. Alma is surrounded by several Agents who shower her with praise.

Across the room, Dylan watches from behind his desk. His PHONE RINGS. Dylan answers:

DYLAN
Hobbes.

AGENT MOREAU (ON PHONE)
Moreau here. Sorry I didn't get back to you sooner. I hope Agent Gerard was a worthy substitute. I hand picked her for you.

DYLAN
She did great. Sorry to bother you. Best to your mom.

AGENT MOREAU
Thank you, Dylan.

Dylan hangs up. Alma's story confirmed. He's ashamed with himself. Fuller approaches.

FULLER
We're heading back to Thaddeus'. See if we find anything that can tell us where the other four are.

DYLAN
You go ahead. I'm gonna stay back.

Dylan's eyes are on Alma. Wracked with the guilt of distrusting her and compromising the investigation. Fuller reads his friend. Then offers:

FULLER

(re: Alma)

She's flying out in an hour.

Fuller pats Dylan on the back and heads off. But we stay with Dylan... Watching Alma, who now stands alone...

Dylan RISES FROM HIS DESK. Walks up behind Alma.

DYLAN

I didn't want you leaving town without a goodbye...

Alma turns. Dylan enters. It's a bit uncomfortable, but--

DYLAN (CONT'D)

...and congrats. You make a damn fine field agent.

ALMA

Are you saying it because you feel guilty? Or because you mean it?

DYLAN

Bit of both.

Dylan grins. Alma can't help but be a little charmed...

ALMA

I don't know what I've accomplished, really. The other Horsemen are still out there...

DYLAN

Let it go. I don't think there's much percentage in worrying about that.

ALMA

You're not gonna keep looking?

DYLAN

I'll leave that to someone else. My time here's done. I did all I needed to do.

ALMA

Then what's next?

DYLAN

Don't know. I've been riding one path so long, it'll just be nice to see what else is out there...

(then)

I heard good things about Paris...

Dylan is putting himself out there. *Romantically, perhaps...*

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll call you if I make it over there. Lemme buy you lunch?

Alma smiles, she likes the invitation. There's hope for these two. But she's not letting him off that easy.

ALMA

We don't know a thing about each other...

DYLAN

You're right.

Dylan reaches into his COAT POCKET--

DYLAN (CONT'D)

If I can't buy you lunch, maybe these'll tide you over...

Dylan pulls out a small sealed BAG OF PRETZELS. He hands them to Alma. It's a sweet, meaningful gesture. Then--

ALMA

Call me if you're in town. On one condition: You stop assuming that everyone is going to disappoint you...

Fair request. And point well taken. Alma starts out--

DYLAN

I guess we're all just products of our upbringing...

And Alma is gone... Dylan's words hanging in the air as we STAY WITH DYLAN. Then, Dylan turns... BEGINS WALKING:

TRACK WITH DYLAN: Each step unwrapping a shift in his demeanor - from DEFEATED to EMBOLDENED. As we grasp to understand what is happening, follow Dylan through a door--

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL - DAY

A GUARD OPENS the CELL DOOR. Dylan waves the Guard away and closes the door behind him. He TAKES A SEAT on the floor across from Thaddeus:

THADDEUS
Shouldn't you be tearing up my Floorboards, looking for clues to the Horsemen's whereabouts? Clues which don't exist--

DYLAN
I got people handling that.

THADDEUS
Don't tell me you're here to gloat--

DYLAN
Nope.

THADDEUS
If you're looking for answers--

DYLAN
I got no more questions.

THADDEUS
Good. Because I am not The Fifth Horseman.

Dylan leans forward, whispers in Thaddeus's ear:

DYLAN
I know.

Thaddeus' eyes widen - and as it comes together in his mind we see:

A FLOW OF IMAGES SHOWING DYLAN AT KEY MOMENTS:

THE FIRST SHOW: The "USHER" takes the DRINK from Thaddeus. As he walks away, we see that it is Dylan in disguise.

DYLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Do you know how many years it took...? How many years of preparation?

Dylan uses an INFRA-BLUE CAMERA to photograph THADDEUS'S FINGERPRINTS from the glass. Then using a LASER ENGRAVER, he imprints the prints to the fingers of a pair of LATEX GLOVES.

Atlas, disguised as "George Kaplan", puts on the Gloves as he walks toward the KAPLAN INC. OFFICES. ANGLE ON: the ROSE in his fingers as he hands it to the TEMP.

BACK TO THE CELL: CLOSE ON: Thaddeus is stunned.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I joined the Agency just so one
day, when the pieces were in place,
I could control this investigation--

DYLAN FOLLOWING THADDEUS in the Mall. He loses him. Then:

IN A STAIRWELL: Dylan opens a SUITCASE, revealing his MAKE-UP KIT INSIDE.

AT THE HOTEL: The Four Horsemen -- with DYLAN DISGUISED AS MICHAEL ATLAS -- exit the Hotel into a crush of fans.

Alma watches.

BACK TO THE CELL: Thaddeus Blinks as awakened from a dream. Into a NIGHTMARE. Stirring with the fabric tearing realization that DYLAN IS THE FIFTH HORSEMAN.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
All this commitment. All this
preparation finally paid off.

TRUCKER'S WATERING HOLE: Merritt putting the BIG BRUISER on the floor with his finger. They locks eyes. The Bruiser's FROZEN. Merritt leans in and WHISPERS a word WE CAN'T HEAR.

Then--

MERRITT
Drinks are on me!

The Big Bruiser blinks back to his normal self.

L.I.E UNDERPASS: The ARMORED-18-WHEELER enters an underlit tunnel driving towards the money factory to be loaded. The DRIVER'S cellphone rings. When he answers, we recognize him - It's the BIG BRUISER.

BIG BRUISER
Ye...

Before he can even finish his first word, he's FROZEN like in the bar.

The truck idles to halt.

Coming out of the shadows are the Horsemen, Merritt putting down his cellphone. Atlas opens the Vault Door and Henley instantly gets to work on the truck.

The Horsemen slide back in the shadows as fast and stealthily as they appeared--

ATLAS
7 minutes off the grid. Not a problem. Good job everyone.

MERRITT
(purposefully louder)
Drinks are on me!

The Bruiser blinks out of his trance and, as if nothing happened, puts the truck back into first gear.

BACK TO THE CELL:

DYLAN
Everything around us is an illusion, Thaddeus...

IMAGES OF: Dylan at the Money Factory, loading the cash into the ARMORED-18-WHEELER. As he shuts the door, we PUSH INSIDE TO SEE THE SIDE PANELS FOLD DOWN, CONCEALING THE REAL CASH AND REPLACING IT WITH THE BAGS OF HORSEMEN FLIERS...

BACK TO THE CELL:

THADDEUS
Tell me this - if you were in New York, how did you get that money into my living room?

IMAGES OF: DYLAN AND THE TEAM BURSTING IN ON THADDEUS with the PALLET OF CASH:

DYLAN
How do you think...?

Dylan raises his fist, then opens his hand, REVEALING:

A TATTOO OF AN EYE INSIDE A TRIANGLE imprinted on his palm.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
...it was Magic.

Dylan closes his hand. Opens it again. THE TATTOO IS GONE.

THADDEUS
The Eye--? But... why???

DYLAN
To make you pay...

THADDEUS
Pay for what...???

DYLAN
(a challenge)
Think about it. You'll have some
free time on your hands--

As Dylan stands and waves for the Guard--

THADDEUS
(desperate)
Tell me--

DYLAN
You hate not having all the
answers, don't you...?

THADDEUS
Please--

DYLAN
You'll figure it out one day. I'm
sure of it. Take comfort--
(a beat, then)
You have all the time in the world
to figure it out--

The Guard opens the cell and Dylan exits... Thaddeus cries
out to him:

THADDEUS
NO!! COME BACK-- TELL ME--
WHY...!?!

Off Thaddeus, trapped in his own worst nightmare, SMASH TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - UPSTATE NEW YORK - NIGHT

A BLACK VAN cuts across a desolate road. PUSH INTO:

INT. VAN - TRAVELLING - UPSTATE NEW YORK - NIGHT

The Four Horsemen are inside. Atlas at the wheel. Everyone
pulsing with a rush of excitement.

ALEX
(reading his iPhone)
Facebook and Twitter just crashed.
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)

We're not on the internet. We are the internet!

HENLEY

Don't be so smug. I liked you better when you were dead.

ATLAS

He was just following instructions.

ALEX

(defensive)

Someone had to get all that cash in the air.

MERRITT

(celebratory)

Did you see the look on that crowd's face? It was like they were in church!

ALEX

And we brought the heavens down to earth!!!

Henley can't deny how amazing it was--

HENLEY

Right in the heart of New York City...

ATLAS

... and now comes the real fun.

Atlas pulls off the road onto:

EXT. ABANDONED FIELD - NIGHT

Lit only by the night sky. Atlas pulls to a stop...

HENLEY

What's going on?

ATLAS

(teeming with excitement)

Remember when I promised you fame and fortune if we pulled this off...?

HENLEY

Yeah. So--?

ATLAS

Well, I left out the best part...

Atlas looks to the SKY, where a HELICOPTER appears in the distance... Moving towards them... The Horsemen shield their eyes from the Helicopter's lights as it lands on the field.

It is a moment of mystery and wonder... But Atlas, who knows what comes next, is chilled with anticipation.

A MAN IN A TRENCH COAT emerges from the Helicopter and walks to the Horsemen's Van. Atlas rolls down the window. The Man in a Trench coat leans in. And then, to all Four Horsemen--

MAN IN TRENCH COAT

You did great work. Leave the van behind. And come with me. There are a lot of people waiting to express their gratitude... You're one of us now.

The Horsemen share looks: "Could this be...?" Atlas, with a big smile, encourages them--

ATLAS

Let's go.

And The Four Horseman exit the Van onto:

EXT. ABANDONED FIELD - UPSTATE NEW YORK - NIGHT

The Horsemen follow the Man in a Trench coat to the Helicopter. And if there was any question as to who he is representing, we PAN DOWN TO HIS HAND, where there is a TATTOO:

THE SYMBOL OF "THE EYE"

And now it is certain... This tumultuous chapter of The Four Horsemen's lives will end with a new beginning... As Members of a Legendary Order. Where they will be exposed to the secrets of real magic.

As they board the Helicopter... And it takes flight... And the music SOARS, we GO BACK TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Thaddeus paces in the small cell, his mind searching... Desperate to understand why Dylan set him up...? But he can't seem to find the answer--

THADDEUS
 (muttering to himself)
Make you pay??? Pay for what?
Why...?

Thaddeus GRABS the Bars of his cell door and RATTLES THEM VIOLENTLY--

THADDEUS (CONT'D)
 WHY?!?!? TELL ME WHY!!!

To a man driven by clarity, he is living in the ultimate hell. Where he just might stay for eternity--

INT. BOEING 787 - NIGHT

The plane is in flight. Alma is nestled in her seat. She pulls out the Bag of Pretzels that Dylan gave her.

Alma opens them. And inside she finds a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER - an OLD TICKET STUB. Curious, Alma studies it...

CLOSE ON: The Ticket Stub, which reads:

THE AMAZING LIONEL SHRIKE - ONE NIGHT ONLY!

As she contemplates its meaning, perhaps realizing that Dylan just gave her privileged insight to his most secret motivations... An act of intimacy, WE MATCH THE TYPEFACE STYLING ON THE TICKET STUB TO the bottom of a--

FRAMED POSTER OF LIONEL SHRIKE. PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The entire poster, which DEPICTS THE LATE MAGICIAN PERFORMING TO THE UPTURNED FACES OF SMILING CHILDREN. REVERSE: WE ARE:

INT. THADDEUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Dylan stands in front of the poster. He's alone in the room. Agents are outside, but this is a private moment for Dylan... His gaze brings us:

BACK TO THE POSTER: MOVE IN CLOSE TO THE FACE OF A YOUNG BOY. Suddenly THE FACE COMES TO LIFE as we HEAR:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're the best student I've ever
had, kiddo--

REVERSE ON: LIONEL SHRIKE, standing in front of the Young Boy. They are on a stage cluttered with magician paraphernalia:

LIONEL SHRIKE

But becoming invisible while the audience is staring right at you is the hardest trick I'm ever going to teach you. Alright, Dylan - ready to give it a shot?

The Young Boy - Dylan at the age of twelve - stands. Looks lovingly into Lionel Shrike's eyes.

YOUNG DYLAN

Alright, dad.

And now we understand why Dylan embarked on his journey to destroy Thaddeus. It was an act of revenge - a son avenging his father.

YOUNG DYLAN raises a cape in front of himself:

YOUNG DYLAN (CONT'D)

Now you see me...

He whips the cape across the screen.

BLACKOUT.